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FILIPINO FLOWER-SELLERS, MANILA



PREPARING GROUND FOR RICE, THE STAFF OF LIFE FOR FILIPINOS

Life and Light

Vol. XXXVII

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No. 3

MISSIONARY PERSONALS. Miss Ida C. Foss, since 1890 a missionary of the W. B. M. in Ponape, returned to the United States several months ago, with health sadly reduced by years of work in hard conditions, and by the great strain following the terrible cyclone of April, 1905. She has been gaining gradually, and has now gone to the sanitarium at Clifton Springs, where we trust she may reach perfect vigor. Miss Sarah Stimpson, of Kamundongo, West Africa, found the Northern winter too severe, and was in Charleston, S. C., at the time of her last writing. Miss Mary L. Page, of the school in Madrid, Spain, also finds New England too rigorous a climate, and she has gone South for a while. We learn with deep regret that Miss Mary C. Fowle, who went last May to our girls' school at Adabazar, has been compelled by ill health to leave her work there. She is now on her way to America in care of her father.

THE NEW BUNGA-LOW COMPLETED. Many friends of Dr. Julia Bissell, whose words have done much to secure the new hospital for women and children in Ahmednagar, India, and of Dr. Ruth Hume, the physician in charge, will rejoice to know that the new house, the home for the doctors and head nurse, is practically finished. The cost of this building has been entirely met by special gifts for that purpose, and it will add greatly to the comfort and so to the efficiency of its occupants. Their hours are filled with exhausting care and labor, and a spot for rest is most necessary. A new house needs many furnishings; perhaps some may like to give articles or money to help to make it a home.

A TIMELY GIFT. Among the many schools cared for by the W. B. M., the girls' high and boarding school at Adabazar in the Western Turkey Mission has an important place. It is well rooted in the esteem and affection of the community in which it exists, being looked out for by an efficient board of local trustees, who provide for all the expenses except the salaries of the missionary teachers. The graduates of the school go out to lives of great usefulness, many as wives of influential men, and many as teachers. One of these pupils has a beautiful home in New York. Bearing the school in grateful remembrance, she wishes to increase its use-

fulness, and she finds a wise way to do this. The call for teachers in village schools all through that region is constantly increasing, and a normal training would make these girls doubly useful. So this alumna of Adabazar gives to her Alma Mater the money wherewith to purchase a desirable building adjoining the school premises in which a normal department will be opened as soon as a suitable teacher can be found to conduct it. A wide field of usefulness is open here.

KINDERGARTNER
NEEDED. "No way leads to the hearts of the women in Turkey so quickly and so surely as that through the little children," writes a missionary. But we need more kindergartners in various places. Just now comes a touching appeal from Sivas. Some kindergartens will go down and go out for lack of teachers unless help comes soon. What a waste to lose the ground once gained!

GLORIA
CHRISTI. The text-book in the United Study course for next year has been for months in process of preparation by the gifted writer, Mrs. Anna Robertson Brown Lindsay, author of *The Warrior Spirit in the Republic of God, What is Worth While*, and other well-known books. It is the seventh in the course published under the auspices of the Central Committee and is entitled *Gloria Christi, An Outline Study of Missions and Social Progress*. The sub-title strikes the keynote of the successive chapters, and all who have been following the study from the preliminary volume, *Via Christi*, through India, China, Japan, Africa, and the Islands of the Sea, or even a part of the course, will find in the forthcoming volume a consideration of the power of missionary work among the peoples of many lands. It is expected that the book will be in circulation before June 1.

NORTHFIELD
SUMMER SCHOOL. The fourth session of the Northfield Summer School for Women's Foreign Missionary Societies will be held in East Northfield, Mass., July 23-30, 1907. Those who have attended the school any one of the last three summers need to be told nothing of the value of the opportunities offered. Plans already initiated promise well for the coming session. Bible Study will be conducted by Rev. F. B. Meyer, of London. Mrs. Lindsay, author of the new text-book, *Gloria Christi*, will be present and make addresses. Mrs. Helen Barrett Montgomery will lecture on the successive chapters. Other helpful exercises will be arranged, and it is hoped that a large number of Congregational women will plan to attend. Miss Calder will have special charge of the arrangements for young women, who will find the week at Northfield both stimulating and of great practical use in connection with study classes and the work of their own societies. Miss Stanwood, Home Secretary of W. B. M., is Chairman of the Committee, and will soon be prepared to furnish preliminary circulars.

OUR CONTRIBUTIONS FOR THE MONTH. In the month from December 18 to January 18 our Treasurer received \$9,577.30 in contributions for regular pledged work. This is a gain of \$780.89 over the receipts of the corresponding month a year ago, but as the two months preceding had brought a loss, the gain of the first three months of our year is only \$47.91. The balance is on the right side, but the gain is so slight that everyone will feel impelled to do her utmost lest the scale turn the other way. And to hold our own is not enough; if our work be of God it must grow.

NEW LITERATURE. *Tara, Star of the East*, by Mrs. J. K. Hawkins. This little booklet is intended for circles of young people who wish to give foreign missionary information or scenes on foreign ground in the form of an entertainment. The scenes are in India, and when desired selections can be made from the program furnished. It can also be adapted to reading circles. Price, ten cents.

KAPIOLANI.—The Woman's Board of Missions has reprinted a poem in leaflet form entitled *Kapiolani*, written several years ago by Lucy White Palmer, who is lovingly remembered by many who knew her in connection with Board meetings and work. The poem tells the story of the visit of Kapiolani to the crater of Kilauea in defiance of the goddess Pelé in her very citadel, and if well read would be an interesting feature in a meeting on the Hawaiian Islands. The leaflet costs only a penny, ten cents a dozen, seventy-five cents a hundred, postage added.

A SUGGESTION.—Miss Amy W. Carmichael, author of *Things as They are in Southern India*, in her recently published book, entitled *Overweights of Joy*, writes the following, which we think is suited to the times: "The Christian traveler naturally wishes to see the work that is being done in mission fields. He is shown it and rejoices. He is rarely found studying life as it is outside the mission center. The mind retains most vividly what the eye has seen most frequently, and so we usually find that the impression left upon the visitor in India is a land studded with mission stations, netted with organizations, sprinkled with stars. And yet, if guided by one who knew, he had gone a little way from the beaten track, he would have seen many a wide expanse of country where little or nothing worth calling work is being done. He would have seen all his eye could hold of the millions who are quite out of reach of light, or else—and this is sadder still—strangely unaffected by the light in their vicinity. He would have seen that we have hardly touched the thin fringe of the great darkness."

A CURE FOR THE OPIUM HABIT. We have sympathized with our missionaries in their efforts to combat the use of this poison, we have pitied the poor victims, and we have rejoiced and wondered at the stand the Chinese government has recently taken. The recent edicts which aim to put an end to the raising and the use of opium show the earnestness of China's rulers in this matter, and that they fully realize the awful harm the drug is bringing to their nation.

Now the papers bring word of an unexpected and potent ally in the war against the poison. A plant grows abundantly in Malacca whose leaves have the power of destroying the craving for opium. After drying these leaves for a day or two an infusion is made which the patient drinks freely, and after a treatment lasting only from ten to fourteen days his desire for the drug vanishes entirely. If the story be true, the battle, which seemed too great for mortal power, will be marvelously helped by the blessed chemistry of this plant, prepared by the Great Physician to help these men in direst need.

A DISTRESSED PEOPLE. Do not fail to read with imagination and sympathy the letter from Miss Laura Smith on page 117. Try to put yourselves in the place of those Africans, and to think what we can do to help their need.

AS OTHERS SEE US. Our readers will remember that in September last Mrs. William Butler, whose husband founded the Methodist mission at Bareilly, India, sailed with her son and daughter to attend the celebration of its fiftieth anniversary. The daughter, Miss Clementina Butler, sends a personal letter to our Home Secretary, from which we quote: "In the midst of these jubilee days, when almost every hour is claimed by some ceremony or meeting, I must take a minute to send a line to you. We had such a delightful visit in Madura; and your good missionaries, Dr. and Mrs. Jones, Dr. Van Allen and the Misses Noyes, made us feel very much at home. Dr. and Mrs. Jones almost insisted on taking us to their own home, but as we had already established ourselves at the station before making our presence known, and as they had other American guests, we decided not to do this, but enjoyed a very pleasant evening at their home. We were also at tea with Miss Noyes, who showed us the beautiful Capron Hall, and had her girls sing for us most charmingly. Altogether we were delighted with your mission, and especially with Dr. Van Allen's hospital, which will, I hope, serve as the model for the one to be erected here in Baroda, for which the corner stone will be laid to-morrow. The Gaikwar is to come to our garden party this afternoon, and we hope he will consent for to-morrow also. My mother keeps well, and is so happy. I wish that I had time to tell you more of our trip, but that must wait until my return."

HOW ARE WE TREATING OUR LITTLE BROWN BROTHER?

BY MISS FRANCES V. EMERSON

TO read the dismal accounts given by some speakers and writers of the condition of our "little brown brother," the Filipino, one would judge that no worse calamity could have befallen him than to come under the protection of his big sister. "American rule," we read, "has meant war, pestilence, famine, death by hundreds of thousands, destruction of towns, laying waste of fields, reconcentration, torture, ruin." And again we read, "Commerce, agriculture, the currency, are prostrated."



PUBLIC LAUNDRY AND BATH, MANILA

Let us try to look the facts in the face, and get some sort of debtor and creditor account of our dealings in the Philippines. Sorrowfully we must admit that much of the time during our eight years and a half of occupation, war with all its attendant horrors has ravaged the country to a greater or less extent.

But there was war before we entered ; for two years the country had been in a state of insurrection. With the problem of the friars and their lands, with the controversy over the possession of church buildings, with the Christian and non-Christian peoples, and the division and sub-division of the tribes, with no strong central power, one must believe that without us there would have been a war of greater barbarity, continuing without end. Foreman, no admirer of ours, says, "If American direct control were withdrawn, chaos would follow."

There have been famine, pestilence, and cyclones? Yes, as in other oriental countries these calamities have always been hovering round the islands,



STREET IN ERMITA, A SUBURB OF MANILA

but our generosity and our scientific knowledge have lessened their ill effects. In the cholera of 1882, deaths in Manila and vicinity were between thirty and forty thousand. In 1902 in the same region there were only about four thousand deaths, and subsequent attacks have been promptly checked.

Commerce and agriculture are certainly not prosperous, but bad times began with the insurrection of 1896. We must admit that we have not bettered them as we could wish. Like many another big sister suddenly undertaking the charge of a little brother, we have not always been wise enough to know what was best ; we have not always been unselfish enough to give it at our own inconvenience. Our laws for the limitation of land and mining claims have been unwise. Our tariff laws have been grossly, inexcusably selfish.

Perhaps the greatest harm of the American occupation has been wrought by the character of some of those who have gone there. The saloon accompanied the American soldier. The personnel of the civil service has not always been what it should be. The adventurer who flocks to a newly opened country is under special temptations, and without the restraints of home and public opinion.

On the other hand, certain things we have given the Filipinos. First, freedom of religion. We have rid them of the friars, and paid for their lands. We are peaceably adjusting the dispute over church buildings, a dispute which might easily have grown into civil war. We have estab-



WEAVING PINA CLOTH

lished substantial peace and order in the provinces. Bands of ladrones, or highwaymen, a menace to the well disposed, have been put down. Except in Mindanao, we have given them more local self-government than is possessed by any other oriental people. Taxes have been lifted from occupations where they pressed heavily on the poor, and levied on the more prosperous. We have established a standard currency on a gold basis.

Roads and the general means of communication are still unsatisfactory, but we have repaired old roads and bridges, and are building new. In 1904-5, 354 miles of road were built, and 2,600 miles repaired. Two concessions have just been given to railroad companies for over 700 miles of railroad. We have made coast surveys and deepened harbors, notably that of Manila.

The work of the health department has extended to every town and *barrio* in the islands. In Manila a regular system of street cleaning and building inspection has been instituted, and the sanitary condition is conceded to be excellent. Smallpox has been eradicated from Cavite, where it especially raged. The bubonic plague has been lessened one half. Lepers have been treated with X-rays with benefit. Leper and insane hospitals have been established. In the chemical laboratories a serum for cholera has been found which has attracted European attention. A cure for the rinderpest among animals has been investigated.



WOMEN BRINGING SAP OF COCOANUT TREE TO MARKET

In the industrial stagnation, while much might and should be done by changes in the tariff, the lack of prosperity is due also to the natural indolence and antiquated methods of the people, to the ravages wrought by the typhoon, and to the loss by pestilence of the working animals, the carabao. Yet it is said that "while industrial development is not booming, it is developing evenly." The report of the Philippine Commission which comes to us in January, 1907, shows decided gain in this direction. American companies are more and more establishing industrial enterprises.

There are few of the larger towns, except in Mindanao, where Americans are not found at work who are spreading modern industrial ideals. Public experiment farms have been established by government in various places,

where the Filipino is given an object lesson in modern methods of farming. And the lesson is bearing fruit; large orders for plows, reapers, harrows and hoes are being sent to America. Sawmills of the best American type have been introduced. The Filipino, like a child, needs constant supervision, but with infinite tact and patience, with care for his food, his home and his amusements, he can be made a dependable workman. The building of railroads and of mills are so many lessons in civilization.

Investigations are being made to develop the mining and timber wealth of the islands. New crops have been introduced; and domestic animals, pigs, horses, and their old friend, the carabao, have been imported. Whatever can add to the riches and resources of the country is being scientifically studied.

The best work for our little brother, however, setting aside the missionary work so fully described in *Christus Redemptor*, is that of education. The details cannot here be given of the splendid school system, with its primary, secondary and high school, its industrial school, its normal school and institute, giving literary and industrial training to the half million of children and the 4,500 native teachers. They do not aim to train literary men, but to make better farmers, to raise the standard of living, to widen the horizon of thought.

Better even than the direct teaching is the influence of the American teacher in the community. He is often physician and sanitary inspector, adjudicator of disputes and social leader, working with such tact and commonsense, such cheerfulness in hardship, such devotion and self-sacrifice, as to compel warmest admiration.

The American, be he teacher, employer or missionary, whose influence banishes the pig and the chickens from the family living room, who teaches to eat from a table instead of the floor, who inculcates the dignity of labor and the primary lessons of truthfulness and honesty, is a distinct factor in civilization.

The work is long; the process is slow. A nation is not civilized in a day. We have been surveying the ground and laying foundations. We have hardly begun on the superstructure. But as Bishop Brent says, "We are laying at their disposal the best we have—freedom of religion, benefit of science, advantages of free education, principles of self-government."

(A supplementary article telling of our Congregational missionary work in the Philippines will appear in the next number of *LIFE AND LIGHT*.—Ed.)

TEMPERANCE AND A WEDDING IN SOUTH AFRICA

BY MISS ALICE E. SEIBERT

LET me tell you about the temperance meeting here at Adams and the wedding that followed. A temperance meeting is of as great importance here as at home, for intemperance is a great evil among the Zulus, and if we wish to make them fit vessels for the Lord's use we must help them to fight not only their native beer, called *utshwala*, but also the more harmful European drinks. The English rulers have made a wise law forbidding the sale of liquors to the natives, but many still know how to evade the law.

I was glad to see a Zulu Christian wedding. I have seen some funerals and they are tragically pathetic. Sometimes we see whole families die of consumption in a few months; often the rude, pitiful attempts at a coffin are nailed instead of screwed down; sometimes heavy rains fill the grave, engulf the coffin and bedraggle the mourners. The funeral is, if possible, held the day on which the person dies because of the climate, and this hurry is so sad. In case of delay over night, it sometimes happens, especially in case of rain, that old people and babies and goats and sick folks and dying folks and the dead body are all huddled up in one hut or one-roomed house. Can you imagine anything sadder than death in such a house, or the little funeral retinue with the body on a rude sledge or cart drawn by stolid oxen? Yet the Zulus are a cheerful race, ever ready to laugh and sing and feast, or to show pity or compassion on others.

The temperance meeting was directed chiefly by our dear, beautiful Mrs. Bridgman, who, though one of the oldest missionaries here, is still young and energetic. With rare artistic talent, she prepared the program and the beautiful mottoes and decorations with her own hands. In fact, she and others had carefully planned this festivity for weeks. How the little station band did practice, and how the children did work over their dialogues and temperance catechism and songs. The heavens smiled rather warmly on the day's doings, but before long retired behind a curtain of tiny clouds, so that it was cool and shady and altogether delightful. The festivities began at nine. The bridegroom had set his wedding hour at nine also, but aside from a little confusion, no harm came of our not waiting for him, for it was nearly twelve when he and his retinue arrived, just as most of the older, experienced missionaries had predicted. No one is in a hurry here. "Manje," the Zulu word for "now," may mean any time in the near future.

All the church furniture had been placed out of doors, and the mottoes, fringed with fresh palm leaves, were hung on the outside church walls.

The whole scene needed no finer stage setting than the hills on every side and the splendid natural scenery of Natal. The first event was the arrival of the school children of the two out-stations. We could see their approach over the hills in the far distance; they came on foot from four to six miles, over steep hills at that; they marched and marched, and then these children, some of them wee tots, had to return as they had come, on foot, at two o'clock, tired and perhaps hungry. I say "perhaps," because most of them



VIEW OF NATIVE TOWN

get only two meals a day at any time, one in the morning and one at sunset; there was no perhaps about the tired feeling. But they are also used to hard travel. It would have been hard to provide such a treat as American children enjoy for so many, first because of the limitations of transport, and next because of the great number present. The cattle sickness makes it hard to get even the bare necessities of life from Durban, and even if it could have been done at double cost, it might have rained and the food provided spoiled, for nothing keeps well here. As far as we were able to find out the children did not feel the need of pity, but heartily enjoyed the whole affair.

Now the banners were distributed and the marching began. The banner of the Adams station school was blue with white letters, that of Emputsheni school was red with white letters and that of the last school pink with green letters,—a brave show of colors. The letters read like this:—

ZULU.	ENGLISH.
Impi Yotemba	Band of Hope
Adams M. S.	Adams M. S.

The children now started over the hills again in two companies, going in opposite directions. They sang and alternately the band played: one cornet sadly out of tune. I have never seen a stage performance that equaled the performance of the boy who beat the drum while they marched. It was skillful and graceful, but it was ridiculously funny. The hills round about Adams are so placed that we could see and even hear the marching lines most of the time.

At eleven o'clock both companies, led by the funny, fascinating drummer (I hope he may never read this which I have written about him) returned and the school exercises began. As all of it was in Zulu, I could understand only a couple of dozen words, so I cannot give a full account. There was a whistling chorus by the boys, a dialogue, extracts from Mrs. Bridgman's temperance catechism, and a clever little original play written by the schoolmaster and acted most naturally by the children. The effect of the dialogue was good; the father of one of the boys who spoke in it—a great drunkard—was deeply touched by his little son's words, and at the end of the meeting he took the blue ribbon. God help him to keep his pledge! Drink is the worst enemy of the Zulus. The little play represented a native beer drink and the hiding of the beer pot under the bed when the Christians came to the house. It was really so clever that we laughed heartily. But underneath the laugh we felt sorry that little children were so familiar with the effects of drink. Other songs and speeches filled in the time; then followed personal testimonials and the taking of the blue ribbon. Some who took it meant well enough, but I am afraid that they will soon forget their pledge.

Just at this juncture (near one o'clock) the wedding party came to the church in all the pomp and finery of a Zulu wedding. They had formed a fine line of march, solemn enough to have graced a cathedral, although they walked awkwardly because they were not used to shoes. The bridegroom wore white gloves and orange blossoms in his buttonhole, while the bride wore a white silk dress, a large white veil upheld by orange blossoms, artificial, and carried a white parasol, edged with a fall of cheap lace, such as all stylish Zulu brides carry over a head that is used to scorching African

suns; also she wore white kid shoes. The missionaries do not approve of all this display, but what can they do? What would you do? After all, it is the one great day of their lives just as much as it is at home.

But the temperance lesson was in full swing and no one paid much attention to the bridal party, which was compelled to wait at the nearest house. One after another came up, spoke his or her testimony and took the blue ribbon. The boys from Jubilee Hall were present after eleven o'clock, and their principal, Mr. Leroy, spoke so effectively about the evil of drink, and about how his taking the pledge when a mere boy helped him and saved others, that most of them came up for a blue ribbon after he spoke. They like him and most of them were blue ribbon boys before this, and are as fine a lot of boys as ever went to any of our schools at home. They work hard to get an education and are fine, manly fellows though their skins are dark. Much of this is owing to the splendid influence of Mr. and Mrs. Leroy. I have been with them six months as their teacher and I know whereof I speak.

But it was getting late and not a scrap of blue ribbon was left; the children were tired and the missionaries were hungry, and the wedding was still on the program for the day. A little after one the children were dismissed to their homes, except the Adams station school children, who sang at the wedding, for the bride had been a teacher at their school. The benches and decorations were hastily taken inside the church and the wedding party called. An outdoor wedding would have been quite as nice, but Zulus do not like outdoor services of any kind. This time the marching was not so ridiculously solemn. The friends of the bride sat on one side of the church, those of the bridegroom sat opposite; both parties consisted only of young men and women. All were nicely dressed; all wore shoes; some wore great picture hats. One girl wore on her head a wreath of smilax, which grows wild here, and just beneath tied a narrow red ribbon, just as you would tie a headache cloth. Perhaps there was a little more lace and cheap ribbon on the gowns, but on the whole the girls looked very nice.

The bridegroom had taken the blue ribbon a few minutes before, so Mr. Ransom commenced by saying how appropriate it was that their new life should be ushered in by a temperance service, and spoke nicely to them for a few minutes. Then the white gloves were removed, the words of blessing spoken, the registers were signed, and the bride sat down next to her husband. Then commenced a singing contest—it can hardly be called anything else. First the bride's friends sang, then those of the bridegroom, then the bride's friends again, etc., each seemingly trying to outdo the

other. It was undignified, but the Zulus found it eminently proper. Then it was all over. The wedding party went to their feast, the boys had a half-holiday, and the missionaries debated whether to call their next meal dinner or supper, for it was four o'clock.

SUMMER WORK AND THANKSGIVING IN A HOSPITAL

BY MISS ELIZABETH TROWBRIDGE

(Long a nurse in Aintab, in the Central Turkey Mission)

MISS GRANT will probably enjoy a vacation and get more good from it in the cooler days of late September and October than now, but it distresses me to go away and leave her working these long, hot days, with the dust blowing in everywhere, and the trying white glare outside. If the work could lighten up a little so that she could sometimes get off for some riding or an afternoon of rest it would not be quite so hard, but men patients at least and operations keep on coming. The doctors, servants, and other helpers are all tired and would be glad of a little rest. Two of the girls we hope to have with us next year are having a vacation now, and we must try to arrange that the others who will work next year shall go away for a time in turn, but it is not easy in the case of some, as one cannot put in quite inexperienced workers all at once to take their places while the work is going on.

We are trying to "do over" beds, quilts, etc., these days,—quite a big job, and one that is generally done when the wards are empty and most of the women workers free to help. A good many things need renewing or changing. There has been a great deal of mending; it moves slowly, and there are frequent mistakes, but later the days will be easier. Please forgive these housekeeping details. I do not feel as if I were a nurse these days.

We do very greatly need workers who love the Lord Jesus and want to serve him in their work. Intelligence and some mental training are very necessary, and the lack of these things in many of the helpers has often been a trial in the work, but I do long that all might have more true Christian life and a real desire to help those who have none or less than they. A mission hospital in this country is a great big door into all kinds of opportunities, and if we all really belong to the Lord, and want to live for him, we can use at least some of these special opportunities, to say nothing of honoring him, and helping others in the doing of the regular work day by day.

In the women's ward we have tried to teach five young girls; so it has

been a probation year, with a good deal of change, and until lately a steady "run" of patients. Three of these girls left for various reasons, either they or their friends finding the work more of an undertaking than they had thought, but one, perhaps two, will keep on, we expect, next year. One is a remarkably promising girl, an earnest Christian, an evangelical Gregorian; quiet, quick to see and learn and do, pleasant, self-controlled and patient under most trying circumstances, ready to do what she is told, and to be corrected. She has been engaged; the young man died, and she says she has made up her mind not to marry, so if she keeps well, and no special hindrance comes up, I hope she can stay with us a long time.

Through most of the year the women workers have had a very good spirit—something that makes the narrow round of work and the many small trials easier to bear. Their meetings and morning prayers have not been very regular lately as they have to depend generally on me, and I am often uncertain, but they seem to find such times of coming together a help, as they have not much opportunity to attend outside meetings. To-day we met for a little thanksgiving time to tell of special things for which we want to praise God, and to put some small gifts into our box before it is emptied and the money sent away.

Some of the patients in the women's ward have been very ready to help in little ways, knitting, mending, waiting on others, doing little jobs about the ward, both while with us as in-patients and later when coming for daily treatment, and some good women in Albustan, a town some days' journey from us in the Taurus Mountains, knitted some nice woolen stockings for the hospital patients.

In Hassan Beyli, a town where we have a Protestant community and a good pastor, his wife encouraged some of the women to get together pieces of stout cotton cloth and together they cut out some shirts, which the children sewed. We did not examine the sewing too closely, only felt thankful for the love in the work. Before the shirts a package of cotton caps arrived, round and fitting close to the head, for our patients to wear, with elaborate village needlework around the edge. These went right to the spot both as to shape and decoration, and were very quickly appropriated. It does these poor village women and girls good to put their own thought and work into such gifts.

The workers who were present at our little thanksgiving had some beautiful verses to offer, and most of them gave special reason for gratitude. The Bible woman praised God that through loss of property at the time of the massacre and through other troubles he had led her to know him, which had taught her while she was teaching others. Another, our faithful

washer-woman, spoke with deep feeling as she told of God's goodness in opening her heart to his love in the midst of great poverty, especially since coming to the hospital to work. It has been the hardest and most unpleasant work, and yet she does it cheerfully and praises the Lord. Our bright-faced young helper was rejoicing over the conversion of a wild brother, and that several poor neighbors had found a Saviour in answer to prayers offered at a little neighborhood meeting. A poor, rather ignorant patient, who has been coming for a long time for treatment, told of the help that had come to her to bear her painful trouble patiently, and to overcome her quick temper at home, because of what she had heard at prayers while coming day after day.

I have many, many special reasons for thankfulness, but was just then thinking of the great change in a little woman, several years ago a patient for a long time in the woman's ward. She had heard a good deal of the truth when with us from Miss Wallis and others, was friendly and grateful for kindness shown, but seemed spiritually untouched. In the winter, at one of Mr. Fransen's meetings, the Lord led her out of darkness, and now she is a different woman, praising him for his love to her, for the help and teaching she gets from a Bible class for Gregorian women and from the sisters there, for strength given to bear unkindness and opposition from a hard husband, that God is now softening his heart apparently, that she has been permitted to help others to know something of Jesus' love. She said with her face shining, "It is not from me; it is all from Christ." Now she is plodding along at the primer, that she may spell out for herself the precious words that she has heard. Her mind has opened up; she seems so quick to understand spiritual things. It was a rebuke and an encouragement to me to see and hear her. I could tell of many other things and persons for which thanks are put down in my little book, but I must stop.

WHAT WE MIGHT SEE IN NORTH CHINA

BY MISS MARY E. ANDREWS

THE Bible women are very dear, many of them, and I truly believe they are the Lord's own children in whom he is doing his work by the Spirit—even though that work is not yet finished. They have their own faults and failings and often cause us great sorrow of heart, even as I fear we often grieve the loving heart of our Lord.

I wish you could, as you say, drop down on my lounge beside me for a little chat. How many things I should like to tell you and how many to

show you. I am sure we should not sit quietly talking all the time of your stay. I should want to introduce you to many of our dear people, to take you into their homes—some of them beautiful Christian homes, others dark and sad, but all brighter by far than they would have been had they never heard of Jesus and his love. Oh, it makes such a difference in the lives of the women of China to have Jesus for Saviour and Friend! I should want you to visit some heathen homes too, by way of contrast.

I should want to take you to some of our little schools—I am sure the children's bright little faces would win your heart, even though the clothes were ragged and dirty. Of course you would go into the girls' boarding school and listen awhile to their lessons, watch Miss Browne lead them in gymnastics. She will be doing far more than that for them this coming year, I am sure. Many things in all our schools would interest you, even though you could not understand what was said.

Then you would like to go into the station class court, if a class were in progress, and watch the women at their studies, and be introduced to the faithful, patient, capable teacher, Ch'iang Nainai—my little Hana (Hannah) of the first day school in Tungcho so many years ago—and then to see our nice hospital building—first into the woman's waiting room, where one of our Christian women, a member of the hospital committee of our C. E. Society, will be talking to the women of Christ, or teaching them to read while they wait for the dispensary to open—a little later into the dispensing room, with Dr. and Mrs. Ingram and their helpers, while they patiently and tenderly look after the physical needs of the sick and suffering ones who come or are brought to them for healing. I am sure Miss Chapin would want you to go with her and Mrs. Ingram on one of their trips to an outstation and see the crowd gathered for medicine—see them sit down quietly and listen to the story of the Great Physician, the one who took our infirmities and bore our sicknesses. It is beautiful when the medical and evangelistic work can be so carried on together.

I should like you to go into one of our women's Friday afternoon prayer meetings, a consecration meeting or a mothers' meeting, with one of our Christian women leading, or a missionary meeting with one of us in charge, and to look into the adjoining room where the children's meeting is going on at the same time. On Saturday morning you must certainly be in my room to meet Chao Nainai and Li Nainai, our Bible women, when they come to give me the report of their week's work. I know you would enjoy listening if I should translate, and you would like to kneel with us in prayer for a blessing on their work and on the scattered seed, for strength and wisdom and leading for the coming week, and for particular women over whom they are feeling anxious.

Of course you must visit our beautiful college buildings, look into class rooms, where all the ordinary college studies are being taught by the missionaries or their Chinese assistants. In their bright, sunny reading room, where many of them like to gather out of school hours, to read or study or look over the daily papers, hangs a large picture of Miss Evans who mothered the boys so many years, and similar pictures of Mr. and Mrs. Chapin, who were the founders of the school, hang in the large schoolroom. You must certainly go up on the tower of the administration building for the beautiful view of Tungcho and of the country around with the hills in the distance. As you cross the campus you may like to linger to watch a football or baseball game, for athletics are not neglected in our college. And then if it were Saturday I would like you to go with me in the evening to college prayers and see the boys all together. I think you would enjoy their singing. Mr. Tewksbury has done much for the college in that line, as well as in building up our whole plant for work since the outbreak, and especially fitting up such a fine laboratory for the science classes. I lead college prayers Monday and Saturday evenings, and it is one of the ways in which I especially enjoy meeting our students, though my two daily Bible classes with them are a great pleasure to me too. Another thing I have enjoyed the past year is a teachers' meeting held in our dining room Saturday evening, when I meet the Chinese teachers and help them prepare for the next day's work in Sunday school. That closes my week.

Then on the Sabbath you would like to go into our pleasant chapel, crowded with men, women and children, for the morning service, and into the women's meeting which follows. In the afternoon you could take your choice, the general Sunday school in the chapel, or one branch of the women's and children's department held over in our Christian village with Mrs. Sheffield in charge. Or perhaps you would go out with me instead for one of my little meetings with the children of my day schools and any of their mothers who will come. And oh, so many other things of which I cannot write, for I have only mentioned some parts of our work in which we ladies are especially engaged. We are all busy in our various lines, and the work is large. I wish you could really come and see.

In the Hankow District (China) the American Episcopal Mission has lately opened a training class for Bible women. One gets a sidelight on antipodal customs from one of the regulations: "Women who join this class must not expect to make their own shoes; they will not have time."

THE WORK OF THE WIVES OF PASTORS IN AUSTRIA

BY DR. A. W. CLARK

IT is an easy matter to tell what single women, like Miss Most and Miss Jehlicka, are doing, but the overcrowded, overburdened, poor, intensely poor, preachers' wives, how shall one state clearly their difficulties and their labors, how draw the line between everyday home duties and missionary work? Cooking, washing, mending, turning garments to make them last a little longer, caring for noisy, hungry children that seldom see a piece of meat, a luxury not to be thought of save twice or thrice a month—is this missionary work? "Yes and no." If the poor preacher were not aided in all the ways here suggested, their important and ever-growing labors would be crippled.

But let us enter some of these humble homes, and we shall see that each such home is a center of light and of missionary activity. As a rule the gospel hall and the Y. M. C. A. work is in the preacher's home.

In Weinberg, Prague, two live in the same house—one left a widow with four little children; has she done any missionary work? Is it not an important fact that in such a wicked city her children are followers of Christ? Is it nothing that her eldest son, just finishing technical studies, is one of the best young men in our Y. M. C. A.? Shall we not rejoice that the second son, nearly through college, is an active Christian, and the organist at all the important services? Is it not an item of good cheer that the third son has his eye on foreign mission service? And the youngest, a bright little girl, is sunshine to those who know her. But this woman is also an important factor in Y. W. C. A. activity. She is the treasurer, and many times the one to hold Bible services for girls. In other congregations her voice is heard, too, in meetings for women and girls.

In the same house—not ninety steps above the street, like the first, but seventy—lives the pastor with his family. Food must be prepared for five children, for the husband, and his father. In such a home a hundred other cares must be met cheerfully and bravely. Nor must she be annoyed at the many interruptions in a house that contains a large gospel hall and Y. M. C. A. and Y. W. C. A. rooms. Here comes a woman from the country to see the pastor, who is out visiting the sick. She waits, but expects the hospital cup of coffee and a roll. She talks over her burdens with the wife, who must sympathize, cheer, and instruct. Twenty similar opportunities each week for missionary work are most valuable. And then comes the busy Sunday, with many meetings and many handshakes and kind words for those who need help. Many families, too, expect a personal

visit from the pastor's wife, and many newcomers must receive attention before the truth has conquered them.

Take the next suburb, Prague. Is there no work to be done here in these crowded streets? The wife of the scholarly pastor is a sister of Miss Jehlicka. Strong and well, with five little children, it is a part of her religion to give the poor people all around her an example of economy and faithful work as wife and mother. It is a simple home—you would think too simple—with no rugs, carpets, or curtains. The care of such things takes much time, and this valiant woman will have no servant, even though it were possible to support one. Sunday school work, prayer meeting activity, labors in the congregation and for new souls that wonder what the Bible and faith in Christ mean—in all these directions she is most conscientious.

The wife of the pastor in Smichov, Prague, has no children. She makes many visits with her husband, and in such a land as Bohemia this is most necessary. In the enemies' country are many homes that a pastor cannot easily visit unless his wife is with him. This wife does much for servant girls, especially in the afternoon of Sunday. In Smichov the gospel hall, Y. M. C. A. rooms, etc., are all in the house where the pastor lives. (I need not say that Mrs. Clark is a worker in Smichov and Mrs. Porter in Weinberg.) This is a country where often God sends work to your door and into your dwelling. Books, tracts, papers, leaflets, gospels may be lent. Giving away such literature is not allowed by Austrian law.

Leaving Prague, we may stop for a moment to see a mother who is justly proud of a bit of work done for America. Her oldest son, going to Allegheny Seminary, Pennsylvania, some three years ago, reached the highest place in his class and he is now a pastor in Dakota, preaching in English and in Bohemian. She has a half dozen talented growing children in their home in Pilsen, and in this important Bohemian city she is a helper to the truth in different departments of Christian work. Here in Pilsen the gospel hall and Y. M. C. A. rooms are in the "manse" or connected with it. Every day mission work calls at her door.

In Southwestern Bohemia we placed some thirteen years ago a colporteur-evangelist, and a darker, more bigoted city could hardly have been found. Recently I found in the home of this evangelist a congregation of nearly one hundred, and fifty former Romanists sat together at the table of our Lord. The wife has had an important part in this grand work, welcoming people to the services, talking with them of spiritual things, scrubbing the hall floor every week, calling upon people with her husband. She has one son helping in Christian work in Cleveland, Ohio, another in Ger-

many, another in Bohemia, while her oldest daughter is the wife of our preacher in Husinetz. She was the mother of several children when her husband first bought a Bible. It is an interesting story, but we may not tell it to-day.

If we turn to Eastern Bohemia, what shall we say of the wives of our four pastors there? It is the same story of self-denying labor and hearty co-operation in all that makes the life of a faithful home missionary. Intense poverty hampers and weakens the workers in all these centers; yet those brave, valiant women are equal to home duty in the family, and at the same time they are the pastors' best helpers, and this is saying much.

If we step over into the province of Moravia, we shall see the *pastorin* very busy in helping her husband in much the same way that others assist their husband-preachers in Bohemia. Besides this she has the main care three times a month of sending out 2,500 of our papers to the subscribers.

The wife of the pastor in Vienna has any amount of home work that is mission endeavor sent to her door, as she lives in the house where we have our hall and Y. M. C. A. work.

MISSIONARY LETTERS

SOUTH AFRICA

A late letter from Miss Laura Smith, principal of the girls' school at Umzumbe, whose home was burned in September last, tells of a pitiful state of affairs. Surely the colonists forget that by all right the land belongs to the natives. We must pray that the heart of the king that "is in the hand of Jehovah as the water courses" may be turned to set right this course of unjust treatment. Miss Smith says:—

FROM Inanda I came back to Durban and attended some of the sessions of the meeting of natives from our reserves and churches being held there. They were gathered to discuss what representation of their wrongs and needs they should make to the special commission which is now sitting in Pietermaritzburg to consider the causes and means of further prevention of the war. The people feel deeply and keenly that they are unjustly treated and oppressed by the government. Their land has been taken from them, and in most of the country they cannot now even buy a foot of it. They have to work for very low wages, and this year have had to pay most excessive taxes. Schools and churches have been shut up for no other reason than that no white man was living close by, etc.

The burning of the houses at Esidumbini has left our people there without food, clothing or shelter. Seed has been destroyed, oxen carried off so that the people cannot plow, grass burned so that there is little material left to

build with, and many of the men are dead or in prison. Mr. Goodenough, who has been up there giving out food and trying to get exact information with regard to the state of affairs, reports a most serious condition of distress, which must grow worse for some months still, as harvest is yet four months off. We are much distressed that Mr. Goodenough has become so ill that he has had to give up the relief work in which he was engaged, and there is not a single man who can take his place. It seems too dreadful to think we have not a man who can possibly be spared to look after these people, who are actually starving.

On my way back I stopped for a couple of days at Ifafa to look over the ground and see if there was a site that seemed suitable for rebuilding the school; a site where the teachers' house can stand on the glebe, and so be distinctly Board property, and the school buildings stand on the reserve, so that we can use reserve money to build with. We found two or three sites that seemed to meet the requirements, and I think very likely we shall decide to move just as soon as buildings can be constructed. That will not be for a few months at best, for it is too rainy now to make bricks, besides which, "great bodies move slowly." I know that delays are frequent and trying in America—but in Africa!

I do hope that the W. B. M. will be able to make the grant asked for teachers' house at once. At present it is all we ask from the Board for the building of a large institution, for the rest will be put up with local money if we are able to carry out our present plan.

INDIA

The missionary circle at Ahmednagar, and indeed the whole Marathi Mission, is sorely bereaved in the death of Mrs. Ruby Harding Fairbank. A letter from Dr. M. Eleanor Stephenson, who went out in January, 1906, to share with Dr. Ruth Hume the work in the hospital, says:—

You would hardly have chosen for a new homesick missionary such a Christmas as we "Nagar people" have just lived through. It was just terribly sad; and sometimes I cannot help wondering why God sent that day to us, but he has been so good to me I cannot question his love and care. You know I went to live with Mrs. Fairbank when I first went to Ahmednagar, and she said, "You are lonely for a mother, and I am for a daughter; we'll just have to adopt each other"; and no one could have filled that place more faithfully to me, and I cannot get over the sadness and loneliness. The funeral was on Christmas Day from the new church, and it was most solemn—the sobs and native singing, also Dr. Hume's few words, which even I could follow. There is a terrible gap in the ranks, however, for Mrs. Fairbank's influence can never be estimated in this world.

As the coffin was borne out of the church it was simply buried with garlands of flowers, thrown over it by the native people. And our hearts are all breaking, not for our own loss, but for the three children at home and for Mr. Fairbank.

Miss Edith Gates, born in India of missionary parents, after years of study in America, returned to the land of her birth in November, 1905. A recent letter gives us her impressions in revisiting the familiar scenes:—

Since the day I landed in Bombay I have been surprised that life in general here seemed very familiar. The roads, the houses, the people did not look strange, but it was the fact of my actually being here, walking the streets and seeing these people again, that was the queer part of it all. When I started to find my way around the intricate streets in the bazaar in Sholapur they were as familiar as though I had been through but yesterday; but when I turned a corner and found a man entertaining a crowd with the familiar strains of an American air on a phonograph it gave me a start, for that was entirely new to the scene through which I was passing as in a dream—the store where we bought sweetmeats, the same old man selling cloth, and so on, until I wondered whether there were anything new. It was the same at Mahableshwar, with the lovely walks and drives, as intricate as many a puzzle to those who go over them for the first time. The strangeness was that I should actually be there in person.

The one thing that was new was the character of the people. I remembered them as they looked, but not as they were. Their inactivity, irresponsibility, carelessness, and above all, the extreme poverty of the majority—all these impress me more deeply every day. In one of his walks at the hills, Mr. Churchill engaged in conversation with a farmer, who told him all about his affairs. It came out that the man was building himself a home a little better than the ordinary class of people have, and had been at it a number of years, and was now waiting till he could save up a rupee (thirty-three cents) to put on the roof. That was all the money needed to finish the house, and yet it took him many months to save this little.

TURKEY

From the girls' school in Marsovan comes cheerful word of growth. Miss Claribel Platt writes:—

We are "up to the eyes" in work, with a school so full that there doesn't seem room for one more. The eighty-third boarder came to-day, and is sleeping, with a number of companions, on the floor in our gymnasium, which will be used as annex to the dining room at meal time, and as gymnasium the rest of the time. Can you ask any better proof that we need a

new building? If only our fourth American teacher were here, we could face the situation more courageously.* As it is, we have had to give into native hands classes that are always taught by American teachers; of course we are sorry to do it, but it wouldn't help the situation any if we were to overwork and break down. The girls seem an unusually nice lot; we have more than the usual percentage of large girls, so that the discipline will not be so hard as last year, when we had several rather lawless little ones. Several graduates from Sivas have entered our junior year, and two others are seniors—all nice girls who will be a help, we feel. I am taking the history work which Miss Cull had, besides freshman and sophomore English, three choruses, and supervision of the lower English classes and the needlework. Enough, you will say, to keep me out of mischief. I shall probably give singing lessons besides to two of our teachers who are ambitious in that line.

At the college they are even more crowded than we—over two hundred and thirty boarders there! They are “quartering” the boys in all parts of the compound, and still they comè. At the hospital the doctor reports a similar condition of affairs—all the beds filled and more beds on the way for the new rooms provided by the additions this summer. It will be a year of wonderful opportunities—we are all feeling that, and praying for strength and wisdom, and the guidance of the Holy Spirit. I know you pray for us too.

AUSTRIA

Mrs. Porter, of Prague, gives a hint for Christians in America as well as those in Austria:—



MRS. J. S. PORTER

We are just hungry for book reading, but somehow Mr. Porter and I have found time for little of that except the Bible and papers of late. But the Bible is so rich and grand. We have been digging for weeks and months in I Peter, first and second chapters, and this morning came the words (just what I need) “But ye are a chosen (elect) race—that ye may show forth the praises of him who hath called.” And Mr. Porter is writing a sermon on Col. iv. 6 for a little church in Moravia, who once asked him what that passage meant and he promised he would try to explain perhaps in a sermon sometime. I have been studying it too—and around it:

There are those who are “without,” and we have our relation to them

* Miss Myra Barnes arrived in November, but she is there only for the remainder of the school year.

(for Christ died for all). The time is short. "Redeem" it. Pray for an open door "for us" to proclaim the gospel to these. "Walk in wisdom toward" these. "Let your speech be always with grace." Must we not "continue steadfastly in prayer, watching therein with thanksgiving," if our hearts are to be full of grace (the lips are the expression of the heart), so that we may meet each soul according to his need?

I have only touched at this verse and bungled at that, but even the "salt" in the verse, if one studies its Bible meaning from cover to cover, is something to yearn and pray for as a quality of our speech.

In another letter Mrs. Porter tells us something of one Bohemian girl:—

Mrs. Urbanek, wife of one of our pastors, sister of Miss Jehlicka, and the mother of a "young and growing family"—this Mrs. Urbanek used to be a school teacher in the section of country where Mr. Porter spent the Sabbath and "It is interesting," said he, "how I keep running up against her work." A young woman, who used to be a pupil of Mrs. Urbanek, came two hours (some five miles or more) to meet him and insisted on helping him carry his things over the return journey, another five miles.

Some of this girl's history is briefly as follows: A few years ago she suffered from a most unfortunate love affair and we wondered what the outcome would be, whether she would be crushed and lose her religious experience or not. First, she went to Germany to work in a factory and learn the language. Then she cared for little children, whose mothers must work in the factory, in a sort of kindergarten, and afterwards she was companion and general helper to a German lady, progressing of course all this time in the language. Still later she went to sew for a friend who was cook in a wealthy house, and to receive from this friend cooking lessons in return. This is one side of her history, but constantly her highest aim was to serve her Master and win others to know him. Coming back to Bohemia, this bright and consecrated girl received many invitations from people who had come to know her and these visits gradually evolved themselves into informal little meetings to which friends and neighbors were invited. She has been increasingly blessed in her work and many have found the Saviour through her. Other stories cluster about her work, and somehow the words come to me, "But many shall be last that are first and first that are last," and I feel that even in countries which have only now found the light, some are learning to be more successful soul winners than many in places where the gospel has been preached for generations past.

MISSIONARY NEWS

ONE of the stations of the Gordon Memorial Mission established recently in the pagan Soudan by the Church Missionary Society is at Bor, several days beyond Khartoum. Rain, mud and mosquitoes are all abundant there, and the workers must on their tours sometimes walk for hours through long grass with the water up to their knees. Yet a recent visitor writes: "Despite all the hardships, I was very sorry when the time came for me to go. I had so enjoyed seeing the mission, and hearing of the work from the missionaries. From what I saw of the Dinkas it looked as if the work would be slow, and we should pray especially for the workers, leading such self-denying lives, that those lives may speak for Christ even more forcibly than their words."

One of the workers says: "This month I have seen one or two customs which I had not seen before. One day I saw a woman use a novel method for washing her hands. She filled her mouth with water, then poured it out upon her hands while she rubbed them. Another day I saw a young woman set to work and solemnly lick the face of a baby all over as a cat would lick a kitten. No wonder the babies' faces shine sometimes! Their method of carrying babies is simple, if not comfortable. They are slung in a gazelle skin over the mother's back, and she often carries a load upon her head as well. If the child who is being carried is able to walk, he sits upon his mother's shoulders while she puts her hands behind his back and behind her head."

A NEW FOE IN PERSIA. A Presbyterian missionary touring in Persia recently found a new obstacle to Christianity in the doctrine of Babism, which has already many adherents. This teaching holds "that Abbas Effendi is the second coming of Christ, and a more excellent way." Some Americans who accept him as their Saviour have recently visited Persia, and have made many converts to their doctrine. Others in this country are sending generous contributions, and the delusion spreads. Yet many who will read the Scriptures find the difference in the teaching, and learn that the truth is in the Bible story.

ITINERARY IN SIAM. We read of a missionary tour across the Malay peninsula. The party did not travel by train or auto or coach, or even bullock cart, but nine elephants carried them and their baggage, three baby elephants following their mothers in the procession. One thinks of Barnum's circus parade, turned missionary. After working among the people at Pakchan, showing Bible pictures at night, they took canoes down the river to repeat the service at other villages. Violent rain drove them to an idol house for shelter, and there they slept among the gods.

ESKIMO WOMEN. "To no one has the gospel been of more help than to Eskimo women. It brings light to their souls, and they receive it joyfully and are obedient to its teaching. They are loyal to the church, and are at every meeting unless something more serious than a headache keeps them at home. The age or size or disposition of a child more than three days old is not a cause for their staying away from church, and many times we have a full chorus not planned by the pastor or music committee. But

it is infinitely better than preaching to a childless audience or to empty pews, which ought to have mother and child. It is a constant inspiration to see the bright, eager faces of the women, listening and caring for the babies at the same time, and their attention and devotion promise well for the homes and the children."

With the gospel has come the school, opening to them a wider life, the sewing machine that compensates for the furs the white man takes away, and last, not least, is soap. Better than money is soap, which they buy, barter or beg, for dirt is coming to mean disgrace.

CHURCHES IN WESTERN CHINA. Rev. John Parker writes of a recent ten days' journey: "The thing that impressed me was that not one of these important places, and few even of the less important ones, was without its Christian church set right on its principal street, with a native preacher in charge. It is a matter for devout thankfulness that now, from Shanghai on the coast, following up the great waterway of the Yang-tse, there is not a city of any size—including the larger market towns right away to the Tibetan border—but has its Protestant church or preaching hall. Also, where the great road deviates from the waterway, that also is lined with these active witnesses for truth."—*Missionary Review*.

The Japanese word for wife means the "back-roomer." As a result, however, of the war and the openings it has effected, the Japanese woman is now moving out into a large front room.—*Woman's Missionary Friend*.



HELPS FOR LEADERS

MISSIONARY ILLUSTRATIONS FOR THE SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSONS

BY MISS HELEN B. CALDER

It is impossible, in the space allotted to this department, to give these illustrations in full, as was first intended. They can only be suggested, with the hope that the readers will look up the references and use this method of holding the attention of the scholars and fixing the message of the lesson, besides planting the seed of missionary interest.

March 3. Pastor Hsi Pleading for the Salvation of Opium Victims. See *Pastor Hsi*, by Mrs. Howard Taylor, pages 60-66. The life of this Chinese Christian illustrates the power of prevailing prayer, as did that of Abraham.

March 10. A Peacemaker in China. See *Pastor Hsi*, by Mrs. Howard Taylor, pages 363-369. This lover of peace brought blessing to himself and his church through suffering some loss of property. His

was the God of Isaac and he, like Isaac, as a peacemaker, was a child of God.

March 17. Jacob and Esau. Golden Text: "Lying lips are an abomination to the Lord." Show the class that the children of heathen lands have a birthright of which they are being deprived by Christians at home. Show them, too, that God abominates the lying lips that sing, "Were the whole realm of nature mine, that were a present far too small," and then refuse to do anything to make the "love so amazing" known over all the world, or give only one cent a week for missions, while spending five or ten times as much for candy and other luxuries.

March 24. Prohibition Laws for China. As a new method of teaching the importance of temperance, consult any book on missions in China for a statement of the terrible evils of opium. During the entire reign of Queen Victoria opium was exported from India at the rate of half a ton every hour of the day and night, almost all of which found its way to China. Half a ton of opium means about eighteen thousand ounces, sufficient to poison outright more than thirty thousand persons. Yet China is ahead of the United States in its attempt to rid itself of this great curse of intemperance. See the *Congregationalist* for December 1 and the December *Missionary Herald* for accounts of the edicts recently issued against the growth, sale, and use of opium.

March 31. Easter Sunday. Let the children realize that the message of the risen Lord was meant for the whole world, his last command to his disciples being, "Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature." Try by contrasting pictures, obtained from LIFE AND LIGHT or the *Dayspring*, to have the children tell what Christ's resurrection has meant to them.



THE RISEN LIFE

BY GRACE DUFFIELD GOODWIN

IN all the accounts of the resurrection of Jesus there is no sentence that touches more truly the deeps of our experience than that simple one concerning the sepulchre stone—"for it was very great."

It is written in the Wise Book that so intimately interprets our human life—"the heart knoweth its own bitterness," and there is not one that does not know the deepest, most grievous meaning of that great sepulchre stone. It has stood like a mountain between us and heaven, barring out the sun, shutting out the face of God himself, while the angels tarry, and for us it is not rolled away.

We go, laden with the bitter spices of our grief, and lay our faces against

the awful desolation of its cold, unresponsive loneliness, and we say, "Does God require the service of a broken heart? Is it meet to pour wine of life into a shattered chalice?" And it is night. It is very dreary there by the sealed tomb in these hours before it begins to dawn, and women suffer most because they have been from of old the spice-bearers, the tomb-watchers of the world. It has been given them to drink the cup of love to its bitter dregs, and women know well that "love is a great sorrow," and that the dearest bliss they have is its tragedy and its pain.

We go away from the sepulchre to lose ourselves in the darkness of the hours before the dawn, the blackest hours that human souls ever spend, and the stone is very great. Perhaps we pray off there alone, such inarticulate cries as a wounded bird might make, and He hears his children as he heeds his fallen sparrows; the very weakness of our fluttering birds him cover us with his hand.

But the east is touched with the coming light, and we look toward the horizon. How gently comes God's gray dawn across eyes that for tears cannot yet bear the sun! "O God—our hearts awake—" "if day might come again," and as the east grows full of the presage of splendor, we steal once more to see if perchance a ray of the rising sun will strike across the cold face of the rock. It is all we dare to hope for—the dawnlight on the rock.

But when we lift our eyes, our souls stand in awestruck joy—a bliss as fearful as it is deep. The stone has been rolled away; the great, impassive rock has gone; the light of the new day illumines the world, but our bruised and stricken hearts, that we have said could feel no more, leap with an unknown fright and pain; the one I loved is gone—tell me where they have laid him! There is nothing in all the Bible so universal as the resurrection story; there is nothing to which the human heart more surely responds. Not my Lord alone in those far-off days outside Jerusalem, but everyone whom I love filched from me by death; everyone for whom I have wept by the great stone; everyone for whom I have waited in the new dawn of a bitter day—all these mean and must mean for me the resurrection story. And as of old the plain and simple word comes, awaking in me all that is normal, all that is eager, all that is hopeful and loving—"Behold, he goeth before you into Galilee."

On the old paths, by the old roads, in the old loved working-places—there he goes before me, and there they go whom I have loved and lost awhile. No grave confines their shining forms, no tears can hide their transfigured faces; my bitter spices have dropped from my hands that I might clasp their strong hands as of old. They are risen with Christ so far as my life is concerned, although their faces are turned toward the heavenly light, and I must plod patiently on the Galilee road until I too may pass through "the grave and gate of death" to take up this wonderful life beyond, which is yet to the eye of faith so very near.

"Go" was his message to those upon the Galilee road; the words of it are more than a "last command." They are the resurrection message, and they challenge everyone who lifts up his heart to follow the shining ones over the common ways. They mean hands outstretched toward those who are still in the blackness of the hours before daybreak; they mean voices

that say "My Lord and my God," and that bid another to look unto him; they mean lips that whisper, in the peace of conquest, "This I can do, my risen Lord,—thou art the way"; they mean hearts that hear the message which is the message of the morning, "As he was raised from the dead, even so we also should walk in newness of life."

Those whom we have loved and who so faithfully have loved him have not left us; "the veil of sense hangs dark between," but just beyond they are waiting, rejoicing that death is swallowed up in victory.

Reread the resurrection story, true two thousand years ago in the dimness of the garden, true to-day in your soul and mine. Because we know that those whom our hearts hold dear are walking the transfigured common ways with him, we learn also that steadfast faithfulness to the command of the new day, which shall keep forever obedient those who know him and the power of his resurrection.

OUR DAILY PRAYER IN MARCH

THE mission of the American Board in Eastern Turkey has thirty-one out-stations with a missionary force of forty-six, thirty-one of whom are women, seventeen of them unmarried. The total number of pupils in its one hundred and forty-one schools, ranging from kindergarten to theological schools, is more than six thousand. This is one of the most widely scattered of the missions of the Board, the five stations being so far apart that the workers seldom go from one to another. Only two roads in the whole area are for wheeled vehicles, the others being merely bridle paths, and to cross the field in either direction takes as long as to go from Boston to Japan. This distance makes it difficult, almost impossible, to send help from one station to another in emergencies, and reinforcements are sadly needed. The government lays frequent obstacles in the way of missionary work and travel, and the heavy taxes are driving many of the people to America. Yet year by year the missionaries are gaining better hold on the people, and their schools are recognized as the best in the country.

After nearly forty years of service Mrs. Andrus cannot carry so heavy a load as formerly, but she still teaches two classes in Bible and English in the girls' high school, and corresponds with Bible workers in the field, preparing Bible lessons and making helpful suggestions for their work. For many years, too, she has been like most missionary wives, the true helper of her husband, saving his time and strength in many ways and greatly increasing his efficiency and influence.

The girls' high school at Mardin numbers about forty pupils, three fourths of them being boarders. Many come from little villages where there are no girls' schools, so a preparatory department is taught by the matron and some of the older girls. Besides doing much for orphan girls, Mrs. Thom has superintended women's meetings and has taught English in both boys' and girls' high schools. She is now in America. An article in *LIFE AND LIGHT* for October, 1906, gives a charming story of Miss Graf's kindergarten, which has seventy pupils. She has also opened a Sunday school with

ninety members in a village half an hour from Mardin, and has started a reading class, taught by a former Bible woman, among thirty girls from twelve to fifteen years old who are spinning and weaving in a cave from morning till night. Miss Fenenga is at the head of the girls' high school and she has also three Sunday schools under her care. She starts out at nine Sunday mornings and spends five hours in these schools before her return. Mrs. Dewey has the care of the work of the Bible women in Mardin, and with her daughter superintends the common schools in the city and through the Mardin field, this involving some touring. Miss Dewey has oversight of the Christian Endeavor Society with an attendance varying from fifty to eighty. This society holds monthly missionary meetings and supports a girl in South Africa. Between twenty and thirty Bible women and more than a hundred native teachers supplement the work of the American missionaries.

The school at Bitlis has nearly forty pupils with about as many more in the primary department. Poverty presses hard on the dwellers in this region and many who long to educate their daughters cannot afford the expense. The Misses Ely add to the care of the school, which is the child of their love and nurture, much work among surrounding villages, which often involves wearisome touring. Mrs. Cole mothers the boys in two orphanages, "disciplining, remonstrating, advising," and is the "cheerer" in the home, and missionary helper to her husband in many useful ways.

Mrs. Underwood, whose husband is a physician, co-operates with him, "winning hearts and preparing the way for evangelistic work."

Mrs. Yarrow helps her husband in caring for the boys in the high school, teaching seventeen hours a week. She is also guiding the new industrial work, embroidery, among women and girls.

In praying for the work of the W. B. M. among the young people we shall surely be glad to include with the same earnestness the young people in the fields of the Boards of the Interior and of the Pacific.

The girls' boarding school at Van enrolls more than two hundred pupils, and a strong Christian influence pervades the school. Many go out to be teachers in village schools, where they do much effective work outside the schools for women and children. Mrs. Reynolds does much for orphans, having care of their rug-weaving. She visits many homes and gives help to many poor besides teaching. Mrs. Ussher superintends a lace industry, employing two hundred women, otherwise destitute, and helps in general work for women. "One might think that the wife of an overtaxed missionary physician and the mother of four little children had a large sphere at home without other things."

Miss McLaren has been at the head of the girls' school, but family necessities have compelled her, very reluctantly, to return to America. Miss Norton, happy and enthusiastic, is in charge of the two kindergartens, and since Miss McLaren's departure she has much care of the older girls.

Dr. Stapleton's medical work is largely among women and children, and her beneficent care often leads the way to real knowledge of the Great Physician. Since the resignation of Miss Lord, Miss Bushnell, who had been her associate, takes charge of the school at Erzroom. This school,

supported by the W. B. M. I., has one hundred pupils and seven native assistant teachers, all but one graduates of the school. They now occupy the new building, which replaces the one burned a few years ago, and it is so clean and comfortable that visitors sometimes say, "You live in heaven."

As we pray for officers of Branches and auxiliaries we shall be strengthened and gladdened to remember that our prayer reaches across the whole country from Maine to California.

Though the Austrian mission is small, yet it is so aggressive that "it has been impossible to keep the work within any geographical bounds." The mother church in Prague has entirely outgrown its hall, and churches have been organized in Russia, in Hungary and in Germany. Mrs. Clark is mother of eight daughters, and both she and Mrs. Porter, making their own homes a center of light, do much for the women around them. The story of the Austrian Bible women is so inspiring that we give space nearly in full to Dr. Clark's account of them and their work. The boarding school at Krabschitz has become an independent institution, but we may well pray for its continued usefulness. The Rescue Home under care of the Bible women does a blessed work sorely needed in a city where a woman's purity is often bought and sold.

In these days of turmoil and of opportunity in Roman Catholic countries our missionaries are in special need of wisdom and grace.

Miss Webb is at the head of the W. B. M. school in Madrid, and Miss Page, now in this country, Miss Bushee, Miss Winger and Miss Morrison are her associate teachers. Fourteen common schools and seven night schools with about seventeen hundred pupils are under the care of the mission. There are eight organized churches with nearly three hundred and fifty members; seventeen places of regular meeting and twenty-three Sunday schools with about eighteen hundred attending.

IN MEMORIAM

MRS. FRANK WOOD

HERS was a sudden translation. Monday afternoon, February 4, she was in her accustomed place at the regular meeting of the Executive Committee of the Woman's Board, attention and interest alive as ever to the questions considered. Thursday, February 7, after an illness of a few hours, she passed away. On the following Monday friends who had known and loved her gathered in her beautiful home for the funeral service.

For twenty-four years she has been officially connected with the Woman's Board, and for even a longer period she was an officer of Suffolk Branch, fifteen years its efficient president. Her devotion to the work was whole-souled, with generous giving of time, money, and service, even herself. With open heart and hand she could always be counted upon.

In various lines of Christian work she will be much missed, in none more than the Woman's Board, of which she has been a part for more than a quarter of a century. Recognizing her large opportunity, she hath done what she could.

E. H. S.

SUGGESTIONS FOR AUXILIARY MEETINGS

TOPIC FOR MAY: THE PHILIPPINES

CHAPTER VI OF CHRISTUS REDEMPTOR

ONE of the chief results of our study of *Christus Redemptor* should be a better acquaintance with our own island possessions and a far deeper sense of our responsibility for their well-being. Our study for May and June will be given to the Philippines. In the first meeting we ought to master the realities of the islands as they are given in our text-book, supplemented if possible by outside reading. The magazines of the last nine years will give us much information and many pictures help to make the facts vivid. We ought to gain an idea of the geography of the islands and to know by name and characteristic the leading races; to know something of their history, enough certainly to understand the great question of the friars and their land; and the connection of our government with the archipelago and the work which Americans have done there. An article on page 101 will give much help in the last of these questions.

The study next month will deal with our missionary work in the Philippines.

SIDELIGHTS FROM PERIODICALS

An illustrated article in *The Review of Reviews* for January describes "The Civilizing Work of Modern Christian Missions."

CHINA.—"Christian Missions and the Civil Power in China," is the title of a just and exhaustive article in *The Contemporary Review* for January. Several illustrations in *The Review of Reviews* for January under "Constitutional Government in China," show the contrasts in dress within recent years. "Two Chinese Heroes" are described in *The Outlook* for January 5.

JAPAN.—"The Japan of 1906," is the title of an article by Dr. De Forest in *The Independent* for January 31. "Japan and the United States," in *The Fortnightly Review* for January, treats of the present situation.

INDIA.—Two numbers of *The Outlook* (January 12 and January 19) contain articles on "India's Awakening," the first from an American point of view (that of an American Board missionary), the second from an Indian's standpoint. "Independent Organization India's Only Hope," is the title of a review in the January *Review of Reviews*. "The Education of Indian Princes," is briefly treated in *The Nineteenth Century* for January.

FRANCE.—One of the clearest presentations of the present situation is found in *The Congregationalist* for January 12, "State and Church in France," by the pastor of the American Church in Paris.

"What France has Done," is the title of an editorial in *The Outlook* for January 5.

The Nineteenth Century for January gives a Roman Catholic point of view in an article entitled "The Pope and France."

E. E. P.

WOMAN'S BOARD OF MISSIONS

Receipts from December 18, 1906 to January 18, 1907.

MISS SARAH LOUISE DAY, Treasurer.

MAINE.

<i>Eastern Maine Branch.</i> —Mrs. J. S. Wheelwright, Treas., Bangor House, Bangor. Bar Harbor, C. R., 10; Rockland, Golden Sands, 8; Searsport, C. E. Soc., 17; Thomaston, Aux., 16,		51 00
<i>Portland.</i> —Mrs. James P. Baxter,		50 00
<i>Western Maine Branch.</i> —Miss Annie F. Bailey, Treas., 57 Chadwick St., Portland. Bath, Central Cong. Ch., 41.25; Cape Elizabeth, South Cong. Ch., Aux., 10; Portland, Second Parish Ch., 19.23, State St. Ch., Th. Off., 42.57, St. Lawrence Ch., 5.50; South Gardiner, Jr. C. E. Soc., 2; Waterford, Mite Gatherers, 9. Less expenses, 3.55,		126 00
Total,		227 00

NEW HAMPSHIRE.

J. L. B.,	10 00
<i>Nashua.</i> —Wellesley College, Class of 1897	16 00
<i>New Hampshire Branch.</i> —Miss Elizabeth A. Brickett, Treas., 69 No. Spring St., Concord. Acworth, Ladies' Aid Soc., 2; Dover, Knolly's M. C., 35; Exeter, Aux., 7; Franklin, Aux., 5; Goffstown, Aux. (with prev. contri. to const. L. M. Mrs. Elmer Duke), 2.45; Hanover, Aux., 91.10; Henniker, Cong. Ch., 6; Jaffrey, C. E. Soc., 4.52; Keene, First Ch., Aux. (50 of wh. to const. L. M's Mrs. Arthur W. Bailey, Mrs. George H. Russell) (Th. Off., 34.25), 70; Manchester, First Ch., Aux., 45; Milford, Aux., 8; Nashua, Aux. (Th. Off., 43.75), 73.10; Swanseay, Aux., 5.25. Less expenses, 49.65,	
Total,	
	330 77

LEGACY.

<i>Tilton.</i> —Mrs. Frances S. Spenser, through Treas. New Hampshire Branch,	475 00
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VERMONT.

<i>Vermont Branch.</i> —Mrs. C. H. Stevens, Treas., St. Johnsbury. Barton, 11.48; Barton Landing, 1.50; Bellows Falls (Th. Off., 70.20), 77.90; Berkshire, East, C. E. Soc., 5; Chelsea, C. E. Soc., 8; Chester, Th. Off., 17.50; Colchester, Ladies' Aux., 2.13; Danville, Th. Off., 9; Dorset, 53.05; Fairlee (Th. Off., 13), 25.65; Glover, West, Th. Off., 8; Jericho Centre, Th. Off., 18, M. C., 4.80; Ludlow, Th. Off., 7.70; Morrisville, Th. Off., 17.35; Newport (with prev. contri. to const. L. M's Mrs R. C. Flagg, Mrs. Rufina W. Gale, Mrs. Joanna L. Baldwin), 5.50; Randolph, Bethany Ch., 10; Sheldon, Mrs. Sarah T. Jennison, 2; St. Johnsbury, North Ch. (add'l Th. Off., 5), 24.49, South Ch., 61.84, Jr. C. E. Soc., 10; Waterbury (Th. Off., 25.75), 40, Prim.	
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Dept. S. S., 4; Westford, Th. Off., 8; Westminster West, Th. Off., 7.10. Less expense printing Annual Report, 61.65,	378 34
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MASSACHUSETTS.

<i>Andover and Woburn Branch.</i> —Mrs. Margaret E. Richardson, Treas., 22 Berkeley St., Reading Andover, A Friend, 1, Seminary Ch., Aux., 179.14, South Ch., Aux., 11.54; Lowell, Kirk St. Ch., 5; Winchester, First Cong. Ch., 2.50,		199 18
<i>Barnstable Co. Branch.</i> —Miss Amelia Snow, Treas., East Orleans. Orleans, S. S. M. S.,		30 00
<i>Berkshire Branch.</i> —Mrs. Charles E. West, Treas., 123 South St., Pittsfield. Dalton, Mrs. Louise F. Crane, 200, Penny Gatherers, 60; Hinsdale, Aux., 9.11; Lenox, Aux., 8.63; Monterey, Aux., 20; North Adams, Aux., 15.28; Stockbridge, Aux., 12.35. Less expenses, 16.25,		309 12
<i>Boston.</i> —For buildings in Sivas, 308; Friends of Miss Long, 44.50,		352 50
<i>Essex South Branch.</i> —Miss Sara R. Saford, Treas., Hamilton. Beverly, Dane St. Ch., Aux. (5 of wh. in memory of Miss Nannie L. Odell, by her brother), 160; Lynn, First Ch., Aux., 30; Swampscott, First Ch., Prim. Dept. S. S., 13,		203 00
<i>Framingham.</i> —A Friend,		10 00
<i>Franklin Co. Branch.</i> —Miss Lucy A. Sparhawk, Treas., 18 Congress St., Greenfield. Ashfield, Aux., 30; Greenfield, Aux., 14.92; Sunderland, Prim. Dept. S. S., 5.17,		50 09
<i>Gardner.</i> —First Cong. Ch., S. S.,		15 00
<i>Hampshire Co. Branch.</i> —Miss Harriet J. Kueeland, Treas., 8 Paradise Road, Northampton. Enfield (prev. contri. to const. L. M. Mrs. Ambrose Munsell); Northampton, Edwards Ch., Prim. S. S., 4, First Ch., Aux., Th. Off., 125; Worthington, Aux., 17.15,		146 15
<i>Middlesex Branch.</i> —Miss Mary E. Goodnow, Treas., South Sudbury. Saxonville, Member of Aux., 2; South Framingham, Grace Ch., Aux., Th. Off., 20.10, Jr. Miss'n Club, 14; South Sudbury, Helping Hands, 15,		51 10
<i>Norfolk and Pilgrim Branch.</i> —Miss Abbie L. Loud, Treas., Lock Box 53, Weymouth. Abington, First Ch., Aux. (Th. Off., 26.50), 36.91, C. E. Soc., 10, Jr. C. E. Soc., 3; Brockton, Porter Ch., Aux. (Th. Off., 56), 65, Waldo Ch., Aux., Th. Off., 5; Campello, Aux. (Th. Off., 14.62), 124.62; Halifax, Aux. (Len. Off., 2.80, Th. Off., 4), 15; Hanson, Aux., 13.50; Holbrook, Aux., Th. Off., 45; Plympton, C. E. Soc., 8; Stoughton, Aux., Th. Off., 9.50; Weymouth, East, Aux., Th. Off., 27; Weymouth Heights, Old North Ch., S. S., 10; Weymouth, South, Old South Ch., Aux., 5,		
<i>North Adams.</i> —Mrs. Mary A. Wylie,		377 53
<i>North Middlesex Branch.</i> —Miss Julia S. Conant, Treas., Littleton Common.		40

Ashby, Aux., Th. Off., 18; Concord, S. S. Miss'y Asso., 40,
Springfield Branch.—Mrs. Mary H. Mitchell, Treas., 1078 Worthington St., Springfield, Chicopee, Third Ch., Aux., 6.30; Holyoke, First Ch., S. S., 35; Monson, S. S., Miss Buck's Class, 1; Palmer, Second Ch., S. S., 32.50; Springfield, South Ch., Mrs. C. F. Hobart (100 of wh. to const. L. M.'s Mrs. Edward N. Pomeroy, Miss Gertrude A. Pomeroy, Mrs. Sarah L. Kingsley, Miss Josephine E. Strong), 200, Aux., 32.50,

58 00

Suffolk Branch.—Miss Lucy K. Hawes, Treas., 27 River St., Cambridge. Allston, Aux., 34, S. S. Class, 5; Arlington, Bradshaw Miss'y Asso., 120; Auburndale, Aux., 172.50; Boston, Berkeley Temple, Aux., 19.32, Central Ch., Jr. Aux., 306.57, Mt. Vernon Ch., Aux., 7, Old South Ch., Aux., 633, A Friend, 250, Mizpah C. L. S. S., 30, Park St. Ch., Jr. Aux., 25, Shawmut Ch., Aux., 79.50; Brookline, Leyden Ch., Aux., 30; Cambridge, Prospect St. Ch., Woman's Guild, 121.06, Shepard Ch., Shepard Guild, 15; Chelsea, Central Ch., Women Workers, 45.31, First Ch., 110; Dedham, Miss Mary E. Danforth, 15; Dorchester, A Friend, 20, Central Ch., Aux., 12, Harvard Ch., Women's Benev. Soc., 10, Pilgrim Ch., Aux., 20; Everett, First Ch., Jr. C. E. Soc., C. R., 8; Franklin, Mary Warfield Soc., 16; Hyde Park, Mrs. John F. Eliot, 1, Aux., 71.52; East Boston, Maverick Ch., Miss Mary E. Fales, 5; Medfield, Aux., 5; Needham, Aux., 20; Neponset, Trin. Ch., Stone Aux., 9; Newton, Eliot Ch., Aux., 374, C. R. (1906), 13.25; Newton Centre, First Ch., 6.50, Aux., 80, Foreign Dept. Ladies' Soc. (C. R., 20), 63.81; Newton Highlands, Ch., 24.86; Roxbury, Walnut Ave. Ch., Aux., 14.58; Somerville, Broadway Ch., Aux. (Th. Off., 20.16), 30, Prospect Hill Ch., Aux., 21.60; South Boston, Phillips Ch., Aux. (Th. Off., 21.50), 43; Waltham, Aux., 7; Wellesley Hills, Aux., 5; West Newton, Aux. (with prev. contri. to const. L. M.'s Mrs. Caroline Barker, Miss Sarah L. Dix, Mrs. C. R. Fisher, Mrs. J. F. Fuller, Mrs. W. S. Kilburn, Mrs. Chas. A. Wyman), 1,

307 30

2,900 38

Upper Gloucester.—Mrs. Geo. Eveleth,
Worcester Co. Branch.—Mrs. Theodore H. Nye, Treas., 15 Berkshire St., Worcester. Petersham, Ladies' Union, 40.75; Spencer, Inter. Dept. S. S., 25; Upton, First Cong. Ch., Prim. Dept. S. S., 12; Warren, Aux., 5; Westboro, Aux., 13.75; Winchendon, Aux., 73.50; Worcester, Piedmont Ch., Aux. (prev. contri. to const. L. M.'s Mrs. Geo. C. Bigelow, Mrs. Walter Clissold, Mrs. Ezra A. Day, Mrs. Mary L. Delvey, Miss Cora Durgin, Miss Nellie Fay, Mrs. Joseph W. Gray, Miss Carrie Hildreth, Mrs. S. L. Kingsley, Mrs. T. E. Montgomery, Mrs. Phoebe Morrill, Mrs. John H. Orr, Mrs. Thomas A. Pellett, Mrs. Joseph H. Perry, Mrs. A. A. Prichard, Mrs. Edgar Reed),

170 00

Total, 3,070 78

LEGACY.

North Amherst.—Ellen E. Fisher, by F. P. Ainsworth, Extr.,

400 00

RHODE ISLAND.

Rhode Island Branch.—Mrs. Clara J. Barnefield, Treas., 99 Summit St., Pawtucket, Chepachet, C. E. Soc., 20; Howard, Franklin Ch., C. R., 1.50; Little Compton, Prim. Dept. S. S., 1.52; Pease Dale, C. E. Soc., 10; Providence, Miss Sparks, 30, Elmwood Temple, C. R., 3, Prim. Dept. S. S., 2.57, Highland Chapel, Inter. Dept. S. S., 4.80, North Ch., Violet Guild Soc., 5, Pilgrim Ch., Aux., 53.35, Plymouth Ch., Aux., 12.50; Thornton, C. E. Soc., 2; Tiverton, Aux., 11.25; Westerly, Prim. Dept. S. S., 10; Wood River Junction, Cong. Ch., 3.88,

173 37

CONNECTICUT.

Eastern Conn. Branch.—Miss Anna C. Learned, Treas., 255 Hempstead St., New London. Colchester, Aux., Th. Off., 28; Danielson, Aux., 15.99; Griswold, Aux., 13; Groton, S. S., 12.86; New London, First Ch., Aux., 16.25, Dan. of Cov., 5, C. E. Soc., 9.69; Norwich, Broadway Ch., Aux., 40, Park Ch., Aux., Mrs. Geo. D. Coit, 30, Second Ch., 35.16, Aux., 49; North Woodstock, Aux., 19.50; Putnam, Aux. (prev. contri. to const. L. M. Mrs. W. H. Hammond), Sunbeam M. C., 17.10; Stonington, First Ch., Aux., 20; Thompson, Aux. (Th. Off., 11), 15; Windham, Aux., Th. Off., 17.25,

334 80

Hartford Branch.—Mrs. M. Bradford Scott, Treas., 21 Arnoldale Rd., Hartford. Int. on Clara E. Hilyer Fund, 12.50; Berlin, Aux., 80; Bristol, Aux., 46; Enfield, Ladies' Benev. Soc., 20; Hartford, Asylum Hill Ch., Aux., 108, First Ch., Home Dept. S. S., 15; Glenwood, Prim. S. S., 2.50, Warburton Chapel, S. S., 16; New Britain, South Ch., Jr. C. E. Soc., 15; Plainville, Aux. (25 of wh. Th. Off. to const. L. M. Mrs. F. L. Grant), 75; Unionville, Aux. (Th. Off., 41.80), 52.50; Vernon Center, C. E. Soc., 5; West Hartford, Aux., 5.73; Friends, 27.91,

681 14

New Haven Branch.—Miss Julia Twining, Treas., 314 Prospect St., New Haven. Ansonia, Aux., 55, German Cong. Ch., Friends and S. S., 2.70; Bridgewater, C. E. Soc., 3.60; Cheshire, Aux., 71.15; Danbury, First Ch., Aux., 110.86, Prim. S. S., 10; Darien, Aux., 60; East Canaan, Aux. (to const. L. M. Mrs. C. W. Hanna), 25; Ivoryton, Aux., 23.25; Kent, First Ch., M. C., 5, C. E. Soc., 10, S. S., 10; Killingworth, Aux., 12.45; Litchfield, Aux., 87.58, S. S., 7.77, C. R., 10.50; Middlebury, C. E. Soc., 20; Middletown, First Ch., Aux. (Mrs. James H. Bruce, 25 to const. L. M. Mrs. Richard Hubbard Bruce), 54.30, Third Ch., C. E. Soc., 15; Morris, Aux., 28; New Haven, Ch. of Redeemer, Aux., 105, City Mission, Mothers' Aux., 5, Pilgrim Ch., Aux., 24.27, Welcome Hall, S. S., 25.80; Norfolk, Aux., 21; Northfield, Aux., 2; Salisbury, Aux., 15.10, S. S., 48.25, C. E. Soc., 8.45; Southport, S. S., 30; Stratford, Aux., 85; Torrington, Center Ch., Aux., 141; Washington, C. E. Soc., 16; Waterbury, First Ch., Aux., 24; Westport, Aux., 5.70; Woodbridge, C. E. Soc., 10,

1,238 73

Total, 2,254 67

NEW YORK.

<i>Copenhagen.</i> —Mrs. Martha A Smith,	40
<i>Gloversville.</i> —Young Friends,	1 00
<i>New York State Branch.</i> —Mrs. F. M. Turner, Treas., 646 St. Mark's Ave., Brooklyn. Albany, Aux., 67.50; Brooklyn, Central Ch., Aux., 216 67, Clinton Ave. Ch., Miss G. Goldstein, 20, Misses Pratt, 40, Immanuel Ch., S. S., 5, Lewis Ave. Ch., Aux., 25.29, Earnest Workers, 36.96, Park Ch., Aux., 10, Park Ave. Branch, Aux., 10, South Ch., Aux., 205; Buffalo, First Ch., Aux., 205, Annie E. Abell Cir., 10, Jr. C. E. Soc., 25; Candor, Aux. (to const. L. M. Mrs. S. E. Gridley), 25; Carthage, Aux., 15; Churcheville, Jr. C. E. Soc., 5; Coventryville, 7.50; Deansboro, Dau. of Cov., 7; Elmira, Aux., 25; Ithaca, Aux., 19; Lockport, East Ave. Ch., Aux., 30; Middletown, First Ch., C. E. Soc., 3; New York, Broadway Tabernacle, Aux., 200, Manhattan Ch., Guild, 15; Norwich, S. S., 10; Oswego Falls, Aux., 10; Phoenix, Aux., 22; Port Leyden, Aux., 5; Pulaski, Aux., 10; Richford, Aux., 6; Riverhead, First Ch., Aux. (to const. L. M. Mrs. Mary H. Stackpole), 25, Jr. C. E. Soc., 5, Sound Ave. Ch., Aux., 25; Rocky Point, Mrs. M. S. Hallock, 15; Saratoga Springs, Aux., 40; Sherburne, M. B., 10; Syracuse, Danforth Ch., Aux. (25 of wh. to const. L. M. Mrs. C. R. McDowell), 45; Walton, Aux., 38, Jr. C. E. Soc., 10; Warsaw, Earnest Workers, 8.50, Loyal Volunteers, 8.56; Wellsville, Aux., 10; West Bloomfield, Aux., 20; West Winfield, Aux., 26.40. Less expenses, 100,	1,477 38
Total,	1,478 78

PHILADELPHIA BRANCH.

<i>Philadelphia Branch.</i> —Miss Emma Flavell, Treas., 312 Van Houten St., Paterson, N. J. D. C., Washington, First Ch., Aux. (of wh. Emily S. Ewell Memorial by Mr. John L. Ewell, 33), 156. Mt. Pleasant Ch., Aux., 15, C. R., 5; N. J., East Orange, Trinity Ch., Aux., Th. Off., 19.07; Plainfield, Aux., 15.80; Upper Monclair, Aux., 30; Pa., Philadelphia, Central Ch., Snow Flakes, 20.35,	261 22
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LEGACY.

<i>N. J., Arlington.</i> —Mrs. Anna G. Warner, by Mary Warner Pfeleger and Wallace J. Pfeleger, Extrs.,	250 00
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FLORIDA.

<i>W. H. M. U., Mrs. Catharine A. Lewis,</i> Treas., Ormond, Aux.,	30 00
<i>Winter Park.</i> —Aux., 10,	10 00
Total,	40 00

ILLINOIS.

<i>Rockford.</i> —Second Cong. Ch., Miss Mary C. Townsend,	5 00
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TEXAS.

<i>Dallas.</i> —Central Cong. Ch., Ladies' Miss'y Soc.,	15 00
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SWITZERLAND.

<i>Montreux.</i> —A Friend,	100 00
Donations,	9,577 30
Buildings,	558 00
Specials,	309 00
Legacies,	1,125 00
Total,	\$11,569 30

TOTAL FROM OCT. 18, 1906 TO JAN. 18, 1907.

Donations,	20,833 42
Buildings,	1,588 00
Specials,	1,061 70
Legacies,	2,990 16
Total,	\$26,473 28

Extra Gifts for the Work of 1907.

<i>Portland, Me.</i> —A Friend, In memory of Sophia Spofford, 100; The Misses Libby, in memory of their sister, Ernestine Lord Libby, 100; Mrs. St. John Smith, In memory of her mother, Mrs. Woodbury Dana, 100; Mr. W. W. Brown, 100; Mrs. Charles Harmon, In memory of her mother, Mary C. H. Clark, 50; Mrs. Arthur Champlin and Mrs. Arthur Spear, In memory of their mother, Abbie Hart Chapman, 50; Mrs. George F. Thurston, In memory of her mother, Lydia Taylor Kendall, 50; Friends of the Bethel Ch., In memory of Annie Alender Gould, 55; Friends of "Whatsoever Ten," In memory of Mary S. Morrill, 20; Mrs. James P. Baxter, 30; Mrs. J. W. D. Carter, 20; Mrs. Lyman Cousins, 25; Mrs. J. R. Libby, 25; Miss Sarah Moulton, 15; Mrs. James W. Parker, 50; Mrs. John F. Thompson, 25; Mrs. Charles E. Wyer, 25; Other Friends, 35; (Acknowledged in Jan. LIFE AND LIGHT, 125.)	875 00
<i>Maine.</i> —Portland, Mrs. Thomas E. Twitchell, 25; Saco, Mrs. B. N. Goodale, 5,	30 00
<i>New Hampshire.</i> —Exeter, Miss Ellen L. Wentworth,	5 00
<i>Vermont.</i> —St. Johnsbury, Mrs. Henry Fairbanks,	50 00
<i>Massachusetts.</i> —Brockton, Mrs. H. G. Cary, 5; Canton, Woman's Benev. Union, 3; East Douglas, Mrs. Laura H. Pierce, 10; East Northfield, Mrs. Flora B. Higgins, 10; Hadley, Mrs. E. J. Aldrich, 5; Holyoke, Miss Emma L. Hubbard, 10; Kingston, Mrs. Mary J. Simmons, 10; Lynn, Mrs. C. F. Weedon, 5,	58 00
<i>Rhode Island.</i> —Providence, Mrs. H. N. Lathrop,	45 00
<i>Connecticut.</i> —Hartford, Mrs. Charles A. Jewell, 25, Mrs. W. P. Williams, 50; New Haven, Miss Mary E. Lav, 5, Miss Lillian E. Prudden, 10; North Haven, Mrs. Frank B. Doane, 5; Talcottville, Mrs. C. D. Talcott, 25,	120 00
Previously acknowledged,	1,183 00
Total,	\$4,799 42

LAURA L. SCOFIELD FUND.

Gift of William C. Scofield, Westhampton, Mass., one share of Aetna Insurance Co.

Board of the Pacific

President.

MISS LAURA M. RICHARDS,
Saratoga, Cal.

Foreign Secretary.

MRS. C. W. FARNAM (Deceased),
Fruitvale, Cal.

Treasurer.

MISS MARY McCLEES,
Adams Street, Oakland, Cal.

IN GRATEFUL MEMORY

THE Woman's Board of Missions for the Pacific has been greatly blessed by the inspiring presence, the wise counsels and the enthusiastic service of its late Foreign Secretary, Mrs. Susan Merrill Farnam. All the more heavy, therefore, is its sense of loss in her death, which occurred in Fruitvale, Cal., December 21, 1906. Her rare gifts of mind and heart revealed themselves in the social circle, however high or humble; in the domain of art, where she had proved herself an artist of high degree; in the realm of Christian service, where she was a consecrated servant of her Lord and a devoted helper of those in need of earthly or of heavenly good. Her part in woman's work for woman in darkened lands, for which this Board exists, was a large one. Her interest in the missionaries with whom she corresponded was that of a mother sharing the burdens of a child. Her heart yearned to see women and children everywhere share in the uplifting gifts of the gospel, which had enriched her own life and blessed her own land. It was characteristic of her that in the closing days of her life her thoughts, her conversation, took in the missionaries of the cross, in whose work she had been such an active partner.

To her devoted sister, by whose fireside Mrs. Farnam had spent the years of her widowhood, and to her devoted brother, to whom, in the "City of the Great King," the tidings of her death have come, we, the Woman's Board of the Pacific, tender our loving sympathy.

In behalf of the women of our churches and the missionaries of our Board we record our great sense of loss and our appreciation of the beautiful life and Christian service of her whom God has called up higher.

FROM OUR NEW MISSIONARY

Since its last annual meeting the Woman's Board of Missions for the Pacific has adopted a new missionary, Miss Julia Winter, who is stationed at Mt. Silinda, Africa. We are privileged to have with us at our quarterly meetings Miss Winter's mother and a sister, who live in Berkeley, and who will always be able to bring to us the most recent news of Miss Julia's work. These pages are indebted to them this month for extracts from home letters. The following tells us in her own bright way how she spent Sunday, October 7, going from kraal to kraal:—

I WENT on a long trip yesterday and was gone all day. It was maybe not more than five miles, but the last mile or two I had to leave my bicycle in the grass and climb down a very steep mountain, and coming back was no joke. Down below was a beautiful valley with a delightful little river running through it. 'Many, many people live in this valley, and all my three girls and boy live there, so I took them all with me, the boy to help with the bicycle. First we went to Zibonda's kraal, where Mnasiren and Katali come from. Zibonda is dead, but the kraal, of eight large dwelling huts, is occupied by his various widows and the two grown sons, the oldest having two wives and the other having one with him, and a little girl still at her home, purchased for the future. Ganganyi, the elder and head of the kraal, presented me with a chicken. Kanyezi was making a reed mat. There were many women to talk to there, and the children had their morning meal there, so it was nearly noon when we departed. Descending another steep hill and crossing the river I ate my lunch near by in a lovely spot. Close by we came to Hlaisa's kraal, six dwelling huts. Here I found twelve women and girls gathered under the shade of the isikupi in the center, a grain hut elevated on poles, for a boy whom I had previously seen had gone ahead and told them. So I held a service with them right there. Then I went to bingelelä (greet) old Hlaisa himself, who was making a door with stout reeds under the shade of a tree. Two of my schoolgirls were living here. A quarter of a mile further on brought us to Ndatshi's home. She had gone on in advance to see her mother, and here, too, a company of women was assembled, and close by a group of men and boys also. I called them to the same place and had a service. I read in Chindau, but have to pray in Zulu. Now came the hard homeward journey. Halfway up we came to another large kraal, where a little schoolgirl has been ill for some time. I went in to see her, and half a dozen women came in so that I could talk to them. Other kraals were in our path, but I had to slight them in order to get home before dark.

HOME LIFE IN MT. SILINDA

From an article written by Miss Winter for the *Southern Workman*, published in December, we have an incident of everyday life which, as Miss Winter says herself, is in no way unusual, but which she has recorded at length, "because every detail is quite commonplace and typical, and might be seen any day in any kraal, and because it reveals the dominant customs of the people, namely, polygamy, the selling of girls for wives, called 'lobola,' and child marriage."

THE other day we took a walk through the valley, the *Amakosikazi and I, with the purpose of visiting the kraal of Pezulu, about a mile and a half distant. Making our way by a native path through the tall winter grass, which often met over our heads, we reached the umgoza fields of this same old man. First we came upon one of his younger wives, who with her three months' old baby bound upon her back by means of a skin, had been kneeling among the umgoza since early sunrise, for this is reaping time for all the Ndau people. One by one she was cutting off the hand-like heads of grain with help of a crude blade, and dropping them into her isitundu, a basket especially made for carrying grain. As we stopped to chat with her, I noticed the details of her costume, the drape about the waist, another bright hued calico strip brought over one shoulder and under the opposite arm, the load of brass bracelets completely covering each forearm from wrist to elbow, anklets, bead and horsehair necklaces, and a brass, cylindrical snuff box thrust through the ear lobe. Her hair was densely matted with red clay and twisted into cords.

And here is a new ornament which has appeared on the throats of all the women recently—a brass triangle bound about the neck with a wire. But no, our questions reveal that this is no cherished gewgaw, but a much resented tag, which each woman is required to wear like a dog collar, to show that her pound tax has been paid. The baby was simply attired in a string of beads about the waist and a pair of diminutive anklets, and this will be its costume for several years to come.

Further on we found the eldest son and his wife also reaping, and caught a glimpse of old Pezulu himself and another wife at a little distance among the grain. From this umgoza is made the stiff, dark porridge, called sadza, which is the Ndau's staff of life. But while we dallied, we saw two of the women whom we sought, toiling along the homeward path with heavy bundles of firewood on their heads, and decided to follow them. But so tall is the grass that we suddenly came upon the kraal before observing the roofs. Here was a group of some half dozen good sized, circular huts like monstrous beehives, built on and around a hard earthen court. Each is made of wattle and daub, that is, of stakes implanted in the ground and interwoven with little branches, just as red blankets are made, and then plastered over with mud. But the low wall is quite hid by the thatch grass, which covers the conical roof and hangs to the ground. In a small enclosure at one side was growing a little tobacco, from which to make their sneeze producing powder. The place seemed deserted at first except for a company of goats and wabbly legged kids that ran in and out of the houses at pleasure; but, suspecting that the inhabitants were in hiding and would

* Title given to chief's head wife, and therefore to wives of missionaries; here used in plural.

appear after duly considering a safe method of approach, we sat down on a bundle of firewood and waited. Just then a little girl peeped from behind a hut, a pretty little fawn-eyed thing, who at our request came bashfully in sight. She was about eight years old, but had not yet outgrown some pretty, babyish ways. She wore a single drape bound about like a skirt, with numerous strings of beads worn like a belt. Various questions in Zulu met with no response, except a smile and a flutter as if she were halting between a desire to escape and the fascination of the strange white beings. Then I tried Chindau, asking, "*Zina rage ndiani?*" (Your name it is what?) At once she replied in the same tongue, "I am Zwapano." (Whistle through the upper teeth when you say "Zwa.") "Who is your father?" She named a man living several miles away. "But why are you living here?" "Because I am the wife of Pezulu; my father sold me to him." Just then a boy about sixteen years old appeared, with a pair of antelope skins bound about his waist, with the legs and tail dangling, a son of Pezulu, who, speaking in Zulu, verified the child's words. "But," said Nkosikazi, "do you not mean that he has bought her for Muushi?" (the oldest unmarried son). "No," asseverated the boy, "she is my father's wife." Whereupon he began vigorously driving the goats about, pausing to inform us that one old mother was addicted to running at people. He was followed by two little fellows, a son and a grandson of the old man, one of whom, about two years old, had overreared to such an extent that he was almost as broad as he was high, and maintained such a solemn demeanor that I was able to sketch him with ease, while the three-year-old pranced about with an evident desire to show off, dancing and singing a native air, and bringing us his chidangari, a crude instrument made like a bow, to inspect. In the meantime Zwapano had slipped away and reappeared with an uhlelo, or flat winnowing basket on her head, full of umgoza, and began beating it in the duri, a great wooden mortar three feet high, with a big staff twice her height. The thump, thump of the staff and every movement of her body was in rhythmic accord with her weird, accompanying song.

But now appeared the old Mai, or head wife, who, unlike the other women, spoke Zulu readily, and invited us into her hut. So the Amakosikazi got down on their hands and knees and crawled in, ducking the head nearly to the ground to avoid the thatch. But just as I was about to follow suit, I heard a half whisper, "Nkosizana," and turning I saw that the little girl at the mill was trying to attract my attention. So I tarried, and in the absence of the elders we had a little whizzing chat in Chindau, and I took down some notes in order that I might bring her case before the proper authority. Then returning and entering the old Mai's hut, followed by two kids, I sat down on a sleeping mat, which she had spread for us on the hard earth floor. As soon as my eyes were able to penetrate the gloom, I saw in the center a clay circle, slightly raised, within which the fire is made, but fortunately it was burning low, as there is no outlet but the door, and the smoke fills one's eyes. On the opposite side was the wharasanza, a sort of high table, made from slender branches bound together, and used to keep the pots, baskets, gourds, etc., high out of danger. After greeting other sons, just returning, and a wife who came from a beer drink and was a little over-cordial, we took our departure, accompanied for some distance by the old Mai.

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A TOUR IN THE MOUNTAINS

BY MRS. AND MISS DEWEY

AFTER three weeks of cleaning house and putting up stores, after our summer's vacation, we started on our first tour, Friday, October 5. We had with us a cook and a hostler. Our baggage, consisting of iron beds, bedding, clothing, dishes and food, was packed in two sets of "khurges," or large bags, to be hung one on each side of an animal. The servants' bedding thrown on top made a comfortable place for the men to ride.

We were two days going to Midyat. This is a village of one thousand houses, where work has been carried on for at least thirty-five years. Mr. Andrus made his home there for some years before the massacres. There are now some ninety Protestant homes among them, some of the wealthiest and most influential men of the place. They have good schools for boys and girls, taking them into the high school course. Muallimet Illie is a nice old woman who has been Bible woman there for many years. She took much pleasure in taking us around to the Protestant families. We were glad to become acquainted with the preacher, Muallim Immanuel, a quiet, earnest young man, who is much loved there. His three little children are as neat and well trained as ever an American could wish.

We made Midyat our headquarters, as we went to various villages in the mountains. First we made a short trip to three near-by villages where not

much work is done now. Thursday, October 18, we started on a longer trip, Shabo Arab, a teacher from near Midyat, accompanying us. We had two or three exciting times on this trip, as it is a region of lawless men. Only last year the villagers were at war with each other, but God kept us safely, and we were able to enjoy the grand, wild scenery, where the oaks grow larger because no one dares to come and cut them. We spent a night at Miado, where we found five earnest families who wanted to be baptized. Though they have had few opportunities they have taught each other to read, and they study the Bible together and have meetings. The priests will not allow a teacher there, so they want to send one of these boys to school so he can come back and teach.

On the third day we reached Azakh, a place we became much interested in. It is a place of about three hundred and fifty houses, in the hands of the pasha, to whom they have to pay exorbitant taxes. The Syrian priests are very bigoted, so the six Protestant families find it hard to live. But they have a very good teacher, and there is a desire for learning among the boys, so that in the winter he has seventy pupils. It is a rule that each one must come to the meetings. So he makes use of their desire for training for business to teach them higher things. A girls' school is being started this year. We spent four days visiting the people and the schools, and held a meeting for the women.

One long day brought us to Kerboran, a place much more favorably situated than Azakh, and not under the tyranny of any tribe. They have large springs, and by irrigation can grow much that cannot be had in Azakh. Their church is also in a good condition, and they have one of the few pastors in our field. We called on most of the sixty Protestant families, though we could not talk to many except by interpreter, as they understand only Kurdish. Several nice women are there who used to go to our school. One of them translated for me at the woman's meeting on Sunday. They have also started a girls' school and have a good boys' school.

After three days we went on to Amas, two hours from Midyat, and were glad to see how our eight orphan girls who were married last spring were getting along. I think some of them miss the nice white schoolroom and the advantages here, for the village houses are built of mud with low roofs of logs covered with brush and dirt. There are no windows and the walls are blackened by the open fires. Cows and sheep are kept in the front yard and no attempt is made to clean streets; but the village is on a hill, so they have good air and plenty of wholesome food. Wheat and millet are the mainstay of the mountain people, with fine grapes and watermelons for variety. Unfortunately their teacher got the fever to leave the country, and

went to Aleppo this fall; but one of the young men holds service on Sunday, and the girls keep up their C. E. Society, while the mother-in-law of one has a Bible class for women. The girls were very glad to see us; each brought her bedding and slept with us the two nights that we spent there.

When we reached Midyat we were anxious to be home again, as some rain had already overtaken us and more was liable to come at any time. We stopped three days at Kulleth on the way. "It is a beautiful, well-watered place, but the condition of the church is very discouraging. They are indifferent and ready to lay blame on others, and they have no teacher this year. We tried to wake them up to do something for themselves. •

We were glad to reach home November 6, and thankful of having had the opportunity to see the people and work in the field. We ask your prayer for these poor oppressed people. May God's love be found in their hearts.

MARDIN, TURKEY, November 30, 1906.

VACATION NEIGHBORS

Miss Mary Webb writes from Adana, Turkey, 1906:—

MISS MORLEY and I have had a very restful vacation camping with the Hadjin ladies, Miss Vaughan and Miss Billings. Our most intimate associates have been a flock of goats, who felt that our tree and spring belonged to them; but beyond eating up stray cakes of soap, they have done us no injury. Miss Morley has worked on the language and has made good progress.

Three American families, besides the girls from the Hadjin Home, have been tenting near us. After supper, as darkness came on, we would beat on a tin pan to call them together, and they would come, and sitting on the rag carpet in front of our tent, we would have Turkish prayers together. The air was very dry and cool, the stars very bright, and we came near to nature and nature's God.

The Menonite Orphanage, some three hundred children, have been camping across the valley some half hour's distance from us. It has been pleasant to meet with the good people in charge for Sunday worship.

Our school (the Adana Seminary) opened September 15. We shall miss my sister in all the work of the year. I am sure you will remember us in this our special time of need.

Letter from teacher of Fundujak school (out-station from Marash):—

FUNDUJAK, June 24, 1906.

I HAVE received your selams from Miss Blakely, thank you. For two years I have been here in Fundujak. I thank God very much for that he has helped me always. The more I live the more I see blessings to me.

At the beginning of my teaching I was discouraged because I know that the people fathers and mothers do not want to change themselves and their customs so I thought the children would be just the same, but it has not been so. God helped and showed me ways so I tried as hard as I could so they became very different I am so glad that now they changed. They are very good children.

Gradually these children have learned about the heathen lands and more about China than the others. They knew that you too, love China and want to preach so they wanted to help the children of China. They began to earn money. You know I think that their bread is black and their clothes old. When they find an egg they keep it for days to bring. When they have oranges they bring them. They pray for the children of China. They love them very much.

Miss Blakely sent report about Chinese children and people. Children recited in church then we had some more money given from the people.

We have no school building but on Sunday morning the children come to this house in which we live. They sit down on the chardak and have the service. They learn very quickly about the Bible. They love to learn with Sunday school lesson pictures which Miss Blakely is sending. I see the future very hopeful with these children.

Last winter Miss Blakely visited us two times. We all were very glad to see her. Children know that she loves them and when they are good and dutiful children Miss Blakely would like to hear about them, so they are.

If God be willing next year I will study in college. It is four years that I have been teaching. I learned very well what a good blessing to study is.

Verkinia is a graduate now. Perhaps she wrote a very correct letter to you. I had many mistakes but I thank Miss Blakely that she corrected it.

My father is well and sends especial selams to send to very many selams to you and your loved ones there if they receive.

Please write this little letter to Chinese children from Fundujak children they told I wrote. With sincere love

LUCIA C. CASSARJIAN.

Dear Children in China:—

We did not see you but we have heard about you. We love you very much and want to hear more about you. We are glad that you have a good

many missionary friends. (We have two in Marash.) They teach you many good and useful things, most of all about Christ and God's love unto all. We are glad that we heard about you a little. We hope by and by we shall hear.

Now we are sending you some money we were a long time saving so much we are not rich people. Our bread is black perhaps you could not eat it if you could see it. Most of us walk barefoot in winter as well as in summer. We do not have much money but we have eggs. Sometimes when our mother or father gives a little piece of money we do not spend it but bring it to Sunday School. We hope you will receive this because of our love, although it is not very much. We pray for you that God may help you, bless you, keep you from evil teach you how to live the best you can, show us His love, great love to all of us. Dear children many of us have studied the last two years, we like Bible stories, we recite verses. We were living a bad life but we began the good. We thank God that Loved us and sent us a teacher, we have learned what to love and obey is. We have an old pastor, his daughter is our teacher, we love each other very much. We remember you often and we hope you will pray for us. With many selams to you all.

Copy of translation of letter in Tamil from Y. Yesadial, Bible woman, Madura, India:—

I have forty-three pupils; fourteen are Bible readers; five are reading *The Angel's Message*, the others are reading the first standard and primer readers. These learn besides reading, Scripture verses, the catechism and Bible narratives.

Lutchni and Tieammal bought a little temperance book to read in the spare time, and when I went to see them they asked me to explain it to them. Ariseyammal bought the book, *Susie's Little Servants*. Ramabai, one of my pupils, is reading *The Angel's Message*. When I go to see her, she studies eagerly, not only so, but she watches eagerly for words of comfort. She says, "The Christ who suffered for me will not let go my hand." Ariseyammal read about Christ's suffering and death in the eighteenth lesson of the Bible Woman's Hand Book. For some time she stopped reading this and read their own books. When she saw that there was nothing in them to help her, she stopped reading them and turned again to the Hand Book. When I saw her she said, "Those things are not fit for good women to read, they are suitable for harlots (bad women) only, but the Bible how pure it is and rare. Do you ask why? It is because the Jesus it tells about is so pure, and therefore the book is pure. When I hear of our caste actions

and doings, I become disgusted. When I went to perform the heathen ceremonies, as is my custom, it came back to me that it was all empty doing, so I left it off." I prayed for her that the Holy Spirit would open her mind.

Pallimmal, a very old woman, knows about the Saviour well. She also tells to others what she knows. She says, "Although I am blind, the Lord has given me the eyes of wisdom with which to see him." Some of the women seem like true believers, but afterwards they change. Two women, Marnikam and Parippal, who live in New Street, are studying. When I was telling about the birth of Christ their father came in from his work. He said, "It doesn't matter when I hear you talking, it is Jesus, Jesus. I don't want you to come to this house any more. From the first day that you came to this house, I have had distress, and no prosperity." In this way he tried to keep them from studying, but they have not stopped. I ask you to pray for my work, and that the hindrances may be removed.

WALKS IN LIN CHING

BY REV. E. W. ELLIS

THE need of exercise when we spend so much time over our books takes us out for walks each day, often between six and seven in the morning. Some of the time it is very dark as we start out, but some of the time there is a beautiful big moon. One morning we went first to the river and found it full of ice above the boat bridge. The ice was very uneven, and the uneven places had caught the moonlight and changed it into sparkling radiance. To the one side of us were the boats with their tall black masts, and on the other, the boat bridge with a solitary crosser, while across the twinkling ice in front were the white walls and curved roof of a temple. We were very early that morning so we found very few stirring, and in some places the gates shut, for although the suburb has no wall, the streets have gates that completely shut off traffic. In some of these large gates we found small ones just large enough for us to get through when they were open.

After we left the main streets we observed that the others were very much narrower, and even more crooked. We kept on walking "toward the morning," as we could see by the beautiful tints in the sky above the one story buildings, and finally came out on the bank of the old canal, which was built in the days of Kublai Khan, A. D. 1300. Other mornings we have explored temples, or gone out into the country or over into the city proper. One thing it seems to me I shall never forget. Going down one of the dark, narrow streets, we come to a big gate that is set back from the street some twenty or thirty feet, with three or four stone steps leading up to it. There may be at that early hour a few on the street, and so one or two energetic men are already stationed on the steps with food to sell. But the thing that always attracts my attention is the circle of ragged beggars.

Up in a dark corner by the gate they have built a fire of a few sticks and some trash collected from the street, and here they hover over this fire, trying to keep warm until the sun comes up. An occasional blaze makes the shadows behind them deeper, but lights up their faces, their unkempt hair, the ragged sleeves of their garments, and their outstretched hands.

They hold out their hands to the feeble blaze, and seem to be a type of the moral condition of those we meet. Pray that the Sun of Righteousness may shine in their hearts!

Mrs. Ellis writes at a later date:—

You know, don't you, that the Lin Ching field embraces about twenty counties with three or four million people. There were less than one hundred church members in 1900, and now there are five hundred and fifty. You can guess at the proportion who are women when I tell you that at the "big meeting" a year ago, of the ninety probationers two were women, and of the eighty-five baptized one was a woman. The rapid growth of the church in this region has been wonderful; but it has been attended by a correspondingly great danger, unworthy members in the flock and lack of instruction for the weak.

SYSTEMATIC CONSECRATION

BY MRS. F. S. TYRRELL

THAT recent wonderful meeting at Williamstown is not yet so far behind us that we cannot hear its cheering echoes ringing out upon the new year. One watchword given during the early hours of that great memorial meeting, which thrilled eager hearts at the time, and has since been heard upon many lips, thus proving its power to infuse fresh courage and joy for the great task which lies before us, was the closing message in the address given by President Hyde of Bowdoin College. The work of the American Board had been eloquently summarized when, in conclusion, he spoke the following words concerning our attitude at home:—

"It seems that every person who comes to Christian self-consciousness in a Christian land shall face this question, 'Is the best I have to give something which, considering my health and training, my temperament and tact, my versatility and resourcefulness, my freedom from domestic obligations, is more needed abroad than at home?' Each man and woman must answer that question thoughtfully and squarely. If the answer is affirmative the man must go. He cannot be a Christian if he stays at home; the missionary life is the only life for him. If the answer is negative it devolves upon him or her to make life-long and systematic consecration of influence, money, thought and interest to send and sustain the men and women who have the fitness for missionary work he lacks. In one of these two senses everyone who will be a Christian in the modern and cosmopolitan meaning of the word must be a missionary. To make every Christian person face this clear question and answer it in one of these two ways—that is the un-

finished business undertaken a century ago and handed on to us to-day. Every Christian a missionary in one of these two senses should be our watchword for the century to come."

Are you and I ready to answer this question to-day, dear young women of the Interior? Are we prepared if we cannot go to make this systematic consecration of our interest, time, thought, influence at home, towards sustaining those whom God calls to go?

Not long ago, at a gathering of earnest workers for charity, a young woman of glowing personality, rich with winsome gifts of natural endowments, a heart that was vibrant with loving responsiveness to every human need, stood waiting to receive the duties and responsibilities of leadership which was about to be committed to her by an older woman, long honored far and wide as one of the noblest of leaders and truest of friends to the poor. There was a natural hesitancy on the part of the younger woman. "Will not this task be too difficult for my lesser powers?" she asked. "Oh, no," came the reassuring answer, "the women connected with this work, your co-workers, are in it for life. They go on systematically with their duties year after year."

In a church the question was recently asked, "How can so large a sum of money come in annually from so small a number of men and women?" Again the answer came as steadily as before, "Because of their systematic, consecrated giving."

And what has the world ever seen accomplished that has been of enduring worth without this humble but magical virtue—systematic devotion of self with all one has to the chosen cause. That which we do fitfully, without plan or system, however enthusiastically the act may be performed at the time, does not fit us for helpful witnessing or gleanings in the kingdom. But systematic consecration does prepare the way for the difficult task, the life-long task, the joy-filled task of sustaining at whatever cost our world-wide missions. Oh, the joy of helping to give the knowledge of our Lord to the women and little children of every land!

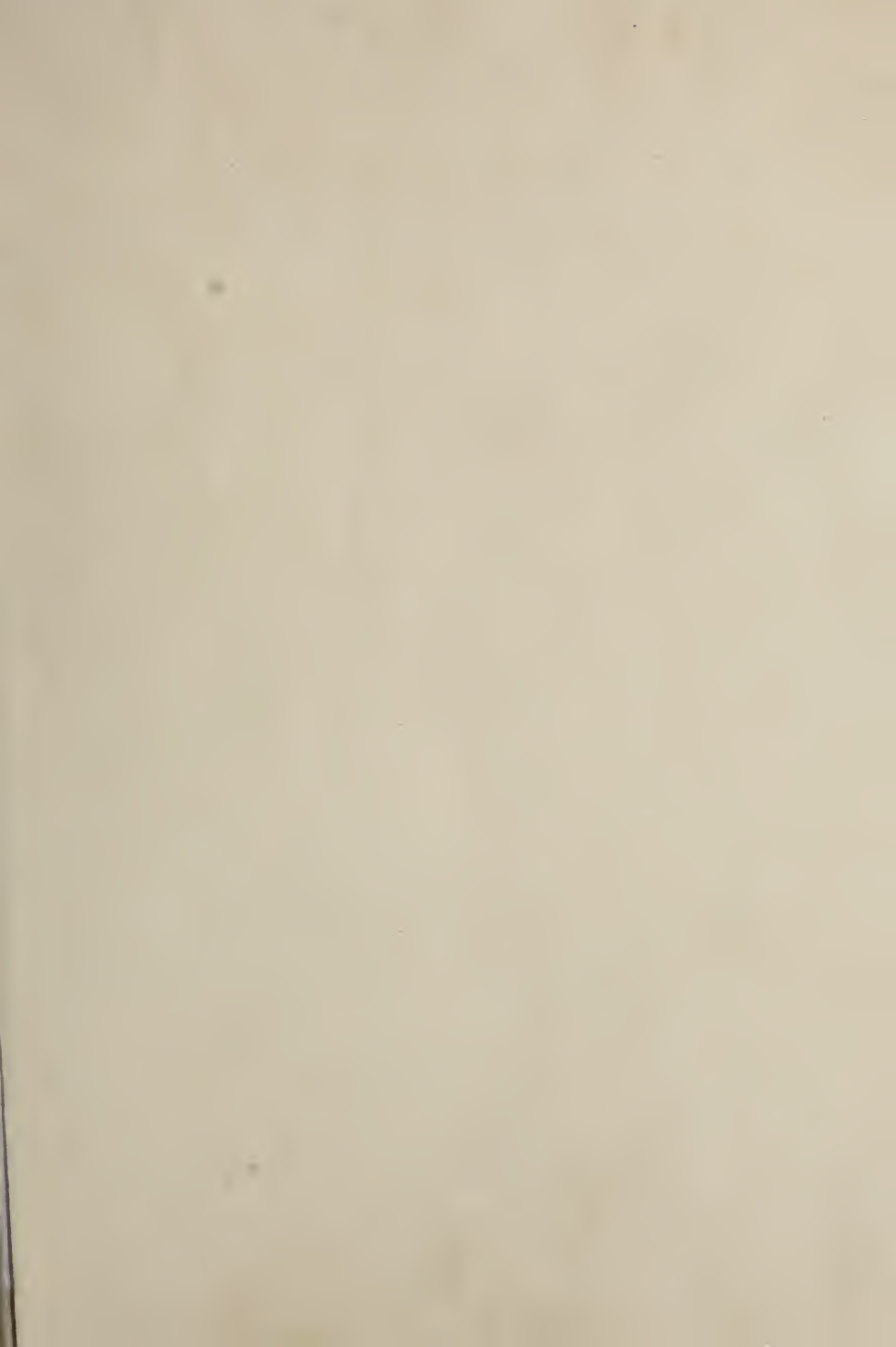
WOMAN'S BOARD OF THE INTERIOR

MRS. S. E. HURLBUT, TREASURER

RECEIPTS FROM DECEMBER 10, 1906 TO JANUARY 10, 1907

ILLINOIS	2,048 98	MISCELLANEOUS	187 50
IOWA	582 87	Receipts for the month	\$5,319 93
KANSAS	193 60	Previously acknowledged	5,384 30
MICHIGAN	483 11	Total since October, 1906	\$10,704 23
MINNESOTA	332 81		
MISSOURI	635 95		
NEBRASKA	351 99		
SOUTH DAKOTA	1 85		
OHIO	332 74		
OKLAHOMA	9 05	ADDITIONAL DONATIONS FOR SPECIAL OBJECTS.	
WISCONSIN	149 48	Receipts for the month	\$93 05
KENTUCKY	7 00	Previously acknowledged	126 50
MASSACHUSETTS	2 00	Total since October, 1906	\$219 55
CHINA	1 00		

MISS FLORA STARR, Ass't Treas.



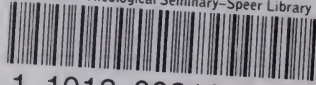
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Life and Light for Woman

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